

An Anthology of Southwestern Verse

**THE GOLDEN
STALLION**

D. MAITLAND BUSHBY



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An Anthology of Southwestern Verse

THE GOLDEN STALLION

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The GOLDEN STALLION

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS
CONCERNING *the* SOUTHWEST
AND WRITTEN BY REPRESENT-
ATIVE SOUTHWESTERN POETS.



Edited by

D. MAITLAND BUSHBY ✓
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OF THE SOUTHWEST
AND ESPECIALLY
TO MINE

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INTRODUCTION

In compiling *THE GOLDEN STALLION* I had two objectives in mind: first, to assemble in one collection work from representative poets of the Southwest; and second, to have that work of such a nature that it would give authentic portrayals of the peoples and the locale of the section named. The scope of the Southwest as herein interpreted includes the states of: Arizona, California, New Mexico and Texas . . . this being a geographical as well as a historical unit or section which was and is commonly thought of as the Spanish Southwest. Subject-matter has been limited to those things which are characteristic of the section covered. In these pages you will meet the Indian . . . the "Children That God Forgot" . . . you will meet the Spanish-American; the leather-faced "Desert Rat"; the hard-working but happy "Cowpuncher"; you will walk the sands of a desert that is at once terrifying and beautiful and that asks for your sympathy and understanding; you will breathe the exhilarating air of the Atlantic as it sweeps in across the Gulf of Mexico to historical Texas' shore, and you will catch the romance of the Pacific in charming California; you will "ride-herd" and learn some of the rollicking songs of the range-land; you will delight in the mystic atmosphere of the Mexican border; you will see the most wonderful sunrises and nights that any section or country can offer; your blood will quicken to the throoming of Indian drums; you will sense the spirit of the last frontier . . . and last, you will know that these things are true for here the Southwest has interpreted herself.

In my opinion the Southwest has never been correctly portrayed in any anthology of poetry. All too many of the poets who have written of it have lacked the full acquaintance with it which leads to sympathy and understanding. One cannot

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limit one's self to a Pullman on the Santa Fe if one wishes to *know* the Southwest . . . she has too much reserve. She resents the wrong impressions that only partially informed writers have given of her. For instance how many of these writers have stated that Arizona has within her borders the largest Yellow Pine forest in the world? Very few if any . . . but these same writers have been careful to tell of Arizona's heat! I think I am perfectly safe in saying that heat causes the deaths of more people in New York City and Chicago every summer than it does in Arizona in a period of ten years. It is time the country awoke to the wonderland that is Arizona and all of the Southwest. Misinterpretations have had their day, their believers and their producers . . . have done; truth is good for the soul of better understanding between the sections of this great country of ours.

The Southwest is no longer a place where Indians collect scalps and label them: "Boston", "New York", "Chicago", or "Philadelphia"; nor is it a place where "bad-men" swap lead before they can enjoy their breakfasts; nor yet again, is it a place where you are liable to be crushed by a buffalo stampede . . . no, these things have passed . . . and forever. The Southwest is a beautiful land of *estancias*, *ranchos*, of mile-measured cotton fields, of plains the size of New York State, where grass grows knee high under God's care . . . and it is there you will find the cattle and sheep that feed the East, citrus fruits are here in abundance, here are the country's lettuce fields, and here are fields of wild poppies and other flowers that defy an artist's interpretation . . . yes, and here is the desert where the silence is so deep that it hurts . . . this is the Southwest.

We of the Southwest present this collection of poems as a reliable criteria of our homeland. No fairy tales are offered in these pages . . . truth alone is here to greet you and she comes

I N T R O D U C T I O N

with a steady and confident step; she speaks of no weakling, but of an empire in the making.

It is hoped that THE GOLDEN STALLION will lead to a better and more intelligent understanding of the Southwest and to a fuller knowledge and appreciation of the poets in this section * * * The Country That God Remembers.

—D. M. B.

Flagstaff, Arizona,
August 1, 1929.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Acknowledgment and appreciation are hereby given to the following poets, publishers, magazines and papers who have severally or individually given me permission to use poems appearing in this, *THE GOLDEN STALLION*, anthology:

Adventure: "He-Man" by Whitney Montgomery.

American Poetry Magazine: "Squaw Butte" by Lucy Reynolds.

S. Omar Barker for poems from his volume: *Buckaroo Ballads*.

Blues: "Impression" by Norman Macleod.

Contemporary Verse for the following:

"Song" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

"Desert Death" by Charles Henri Ford.

"Yet Autumn Mournfully" by Norman Macleod.

The Dallas Morning News: "Cotton" by Walter R. Adams.

Driftwind: "Haunted Hogan" by Norman Macleod.

Sara Bard Field for "But Beauty Endures" from her volume *The Pale Woman*.

The Forge: "The Grass" by John H. Knox.

Hilton Ross Greer for poems from his volume *A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems*.

The Gypsy: "Song" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

Sharlot M. Hall for poems from her volume *Cactus and Pine*.

Holland's Magazine: "Mesquite in Springtime" by Walter R. Adams.

JAPM for the following: "Wood Carriers of the Tonto" by D. Maitland Bushby and for: "Shadows" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Kaliedoscope: "Pale Floss and Silver Threads" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

New Masses: "Cattle-Town" by Norman Macleod.

New York Sun: "The Signs" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

New York Times: "Dance in the Desert" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

The Oracle: "Hotevilla" by Norman Macleod.

The Overland Monthly: "The Fight at Piedras Negras" by Ben Field.

Palo Verde for the following:

"The Last Drummer" by D. Maitland Bushby.

"A Desert Garden" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

"Sunset" by Catherine Stuart Macleod.

"Quatrains" by Norman Macleod.

"Year of Verbena" by Arthur Truman Merrill.

"The General of Cerro Grande" by Idella Purnell.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse for the following:

"Rio Abajo" and "Caller of Buffalo" by Mary Austin.

"Footnote on History" by Grace Stone Coates.

"Wild Flowers" by Sara Bard Field.

"Superior People" and "Pacific Winter" by Hildegard
Flanner.

"Shore Road" and "Heron Flight" by Siddie Joe John-
son.

"March Plowing" by Ted Olson.

Poetry of Today: "The Arapahoes" by Edna Davis Romig.

Prairie Schooner: "Song for an Archaeologist: Aztec"
by Norman Macleod.

The San Franciscan: "Summer" by Charles Erskine Scott
Wood.

Scepter: "Yo-tan-e-ki" and "Desert Monks" by D. Mait-
land Bushby.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Skyline: "Snow on the Painted Desert" by Norman Macleod.

Step-Ladder: "Desert Bird Bath" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

Southwest Review: "Drouth" by Mary Austin.

Torchbearer: "Midnight" by Vaida Stewart Montgomery.

Touring Topics: "Taos" and "Eureka" by Arthur Truman Merrill.

Troubador for the following:

"Hopi Prayer", "In Old Tucson" and "The Singing Sands" all by Charles Beghtol.

"When Autumn Comes" by D. Maitland Bushby.

"Presidio" by Winfred Davidson.

"At Sunset" and "Dreams . . . Dust" by Rhoda De Long.

"Sky-Meeting" and "Valley Quail" by Hildegarde Flanner.

"Desert" by Whitley Gray.

"Ctiy in Taos" by Norman Macleod.

"Three Pueblos" by W. W. Robinson.

P. L. Turner Co., Publishers: "Cotton Picker's Song" from the volume *Corn Silk and Cotton Blossoms* by Whitney Montgomery.

Voices: "The Golden Stallion" by Glenn Ward Dresbach.

The Western Weekly: "Buffalo-Gap" by John H. Knox.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood for the three excerpts from his volume *The Poet in the Desert* and for "Mired" from his volume *Poems from the Ranges*.

Yale University Press for poems from *A Stranger and Afraid* by Ted Olson.

The Carmelite for the four poems by Robinson Jeffers, and for "Chapala Midnight" by Witter Bynner.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Henry Meade Bland for "The Pioneer" and "At Montalvo"
from his volume *Forty-seven Poems*.

Holland's Magazine for "Red Earth" by Grace Noll Crowell.

Yearbook Poetry Society of Texas for "Cavaliers" by Grace
Noll Crowell.

The Daily Oklahoman for "The Covered Wagon" by Lena
Whittaker Blakeney.

The Southwest Press for "Boomtown Drama" by Lexie Dean
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Special acknowledgment and appreciation is extended to
Glenn Ward Dresbach, Mary Austin, Robinson Jeffers, Whitley
Gray, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, John H. Knox and Lilith
Lorraine all of whom have been of very great assistance in
preparing this anthology.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

ADAMS, WALTER R.:

Born at Ireland, Texas 1897.

Attended Ireland High School and Baylor University.

In Military Service at San Antonio during World War.

At present engaged in teaching and writing.

Poems in The Dallas News, Holland's, Contemporary Verse, JAPM, Westward, Sonnet Sequences, Palo Verde, Bozart and in Braithwaite's anthology.

Member of Poetry Society of Texas.

Does prose writing and criticisms besides poetry.

AUSTIN, MARY:

Born in Illinois, later moved to California and for sixteen years lived in the California desert.

Married in 1891 to S. W. Austin.

Holds degrees of Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Literature. For a time a member of the literary colony at Carmel, California where she became well acquainted with George Sterling, Jack London and Michael Williams.

In 1918 moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where she now has her home—Casa Querida.

The author of some twenty books, including: "The Land of Little Rain", "The Children Sing in the Far West", "Lands of the Sun", "The Basket Woman", "The Flock", "The Arrow Maker", "A Woman of Genius", "The American Rhythm", "Lost Borders", "Love and the Soul Maker", and others.

Well acquainted abroad and recognized by the leading writers of England, France and Italy.

A contributor to all of the better magazines.

BARKER, S. OMAR:

Born at Beulah, New Mexico, 1894.

Graduate with A. B. degree from New Mexico Normal University.

Has been a cattle rancher, newspaper reporter, teacher, forest ranger, and served with the A. E. F. for nineteen months as Sergeant Co. D, 502nd Engineers.

His home, La Escondida, is located at Beulah, New Mexico.

Professional writer.

Poems in: Ace-High, Cowboy Stories, Adventure, Holland's, Classmate, Target, Field and Stream, Outlook, old Leslie's, L. A. Times Magazine, Overland Monthly, Palo Verde, Battle Stories, Stratford Monthly, Grit, Tom-Tom and others.

Author of the books: "Vientos de las Sierras", 1924, and "Buckaroo Ballads", 1928—a third book, "Young Timber" to appear early in 1930.

Associate Editor of Tom-Tom.

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

BEGHTOL, CHARLES:

Born in Illinois. Graduate of Nebraska University.

Has devoted considerable study and time to the Hopi, Aconí, and other Southwestern Indians; also, the Aztecs, Mayas and Incas of Central and South America.

Now living in San Diego.

His work has appeared in *Overland Monthly*, *Judge*, *Frontier*, *Echo*, *Rocky Mountain News* and others, including *Troubadour* where it has attracted wide attention due to charm of thematic conception and fidelity of portrayal.

BLAKENEY, LENA WHITTAKER:

Born Ozark Mountains, Arkansas. Educated privately. Wife of Benjamin B. Blakeney. Two sons.

Contributor to *Contemporary Verse*, *Southwest Review*, *Holland's*, *Kansas City Star*, *Munsey's*, *Outdoor Life*, *Southern Women's Magazine*, *All's Well*, *London Times*. Author of the book of verse, *Ports of Call*.

Residence, Oklahoma City.

BLAND, HENRY MEADE:

Born in Fairfield, Solano County, California 1863.

Attended University of the Pacific, Stanford and the University of California. Holds degree of Doctor of Literature.

At present teaching Creative English in the State College at San Jose, California. Has served in this capacity for twenty-nine years.

Author of seven books of verse and two of prose and many short stories and prose articles. Known chiefly for his poetry.

A contributor to the better class magazines of America and England.

BUSHBY, D. MAITLAND:

Born in Pueblo, Colorado, 1900.

Attended Universities of Columbia and Arizona, New Mexico Military Institute, graduate of Arizona State Teachers' College. Holds honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

Five years military service during and after World War; Member Second Division U. S. Army (Texas Division), rank of First Lieutenant.

At present principal of schools at Scottsdale, Arizona. Married.

Author of the books of verse: "Mesquite Smoke", 1926; "Ocatilla Blossoms", 1927; "Don Felipe", 1929; and "Purple Sage" to be published early in 1930.

Editor and owner of *The Tom-Tom*, A Magazine of Southwestern Verse. Contributing Editor to *Scepter to Star-Dust* and to *Poetry Quarterly*. Formerly Co-Editor of *Palo Verde*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

BUSHBY, D. MAITLAND—(*Continued*)

Poems in *The Harp*, *The Christian Century*, *Westward*, *Bozart*, *Kaliedoscope*, *Whispers*, *Argonaut*, *Star-Dust*, *Attic Salt*, *Poetry Review* (London), *Palo Verde*, *American Poetry*, *Golden Rule*, *Education*, *Contemporary Verse*, *The Thinker*, *Journal of American Poetry*, *The Oracle*, *American Poet*, *Voices*, *Troubadour*, *Overland Monthly*, *Visions*, *JAPM*, *The New Dominion*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Forge*, *Scepter*, *The Gypsy*, *Cleveland Club Woman*, *Driftwind*, *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Sun*, *New Mexico Highway Journal*, *Progressive Arizona* and others. Work in fifteen anthologies including *Braithwaites*, Macmillan's "Cry for Peace", Stockwell's "Unrest" (London) and "Arizona Literature." Included in *Contemporary Poets* and *The History of Arizona*. Executive Member League of Western Writers. Known as *The Desert Poet*.

BYNNER, WITTER:

Born in Brooklyn, New York, 1881.
Graduate of Harvard, class of 1902.
Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard in 1911 and at the University of California in 1919.
One time assistant editor of McClure's Magazine.
Author of several one-act verse plays including "Tiger", 1913, "The Little King", 1914, and several others which are now collected in his "Book of Plays", 1922.
Author of several books of verse, among them "The Beloved Stranger" 1920, "Caravan", 1925, "Pins for Wings" 1921.
Has done considerable translating of Chinese poetry, much of this work is included in his book "The Jade Mountain."
A contributor to all of the better class magazines.
Included in "American Poets of Today", "History of American Literature."
"Cake", a play, has been recently produced in California.
Home address Santa Fe, New Mexico.

COATES, GRACE STONE:

Born at Ruby, Kansas.
One time teacher in public schools at Butte, Montana.
Assistant editor of *The Frontier*.
Work has appeared in many literary magazines, including *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, *Palo Verde*, *Contemporary Verse*, *JAPM*, *Oracle* and others.
Included in Braithwaite's 1925-29 inclusive.
Her story, "Wild Plums", is included in "O'Brien's Best Magazine Stories for 1929."
Present address Missoula, Montana.

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CROWELL, GRACE NOLL:

Born at Inland, Iowa. Married N. H. Crowell in 1901. Member of many literary clubs and others. A contributor to, Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Delineator, Holland's, Scribner's, Smart Set, Modern Pricilla, Windsor, Cassell's, Pearson's, Eve, etc.

Author of three books of verse: *White Fire* 1925, *Silver in the Sun* 1928, *Miss Humpety Comes to Tea* 1929. Winner of several poetry awards including the Alamo Prize (Poetry Society of Texas) for 1922-23, Curry Prize (Federated Women's Contest) and the West Prize (Poetry Society of Texas) 1927.

Residence, Dallas, Texas.

DAVIDSON, WINIFRED:

Born in North East, Penn.

Wife of John Davidson, theater manager, Point Loma, California.

Well known under pen name of Yetta Kay Stoddard, under which name she has contributed many juvenile stories to a large number of magazines and papers for children.

Author of the books of verse: "Point Loma Sonnets", "The Hosts", "Tell the Little Ones They Belong" and "Irish."

Her book "Where California Began" has just been released.

Member British Poetry Society, San Diego Writers' Club, and California Writers' Club.

Home address: Point Loma, California.

DE LONG, RHODA:

Art editor for the Troubadour Press and president of the Block Printing Guild of the Hanuwah League of Arts and Crafts. Editor of the forthcoming *This Quarter*, a poetry review, and author of "Poems for Uranians".

Her poems have appeared in various poetry journals, but she is perhaps better known for her magazine cover designs and illustrations.

DRESBACH, GLENN WARD:

Born on a farm near Lanark, Illinois, September 9, 1889. Graduate of University of Wisconsin. Served as Captain, U. S. Army during World War.

Places of residence, Illinois, Panama Canal Zone, New Mexico and Texas. Married Mary Angela Boyle of Cumberland, Maryland, at El Paso, Texas, in 1921.

Author of the books: *In Colors of the West*, Henry Holt and Co., 1922, *The Enchanted Mesa*, Henry Holt and Co., 1924, *Cliff Dwellings*, Harold Vinal 1926, *Star Dust and Stone*, The Southwest Press, 1928.

Poems in *The Dial*, Scribner's, *The Century*, Hearst's *International*, *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, *Dearborn Independent*, *Contemporary Verse*, *The Southwest Review*, *The Lyric West*, *The Bookman*, *The Forum*, *The World Tomorrow*, *Voices*, *The Measure*, *The Double Dealer*, *The Mid-*

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

DRESBACH, GLENN WARD—(Continued)

land, All's Well, The Saturday Evening Post, The American Magazine, Poetry Review (London), Cassel's (London), Everybody's, The San Francisco Review, The Harp, JAPM, Household, The Gypsy, The Lyric, American Poetry Magazine, Overland Monthly, Holland's, Survey Graphic, The Commonweal, Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times, Ainslee's, New York Sun, etc.

Included in the following poetry anthologies: The Home Book of Modern Verse, Stevenson; The New Poetry, Monroe; The Third Book of Modern Verse, Rittenhouse; The Book of Poetry, Markham; Contemporary Verse, Vols. I-II, Stork; Voices of the Southwest, Greer; The Southwest in Literature, Major and Smith; Braithwaite's 1917 to 1929 incl.; etc.

Included in: Who's Who in America, International Blue Book, Who's Who Among North American Authors, International Travel Registry, Creative Artists of Texas, etc.

FIELD, BEN:

Born in Wallingford, Connecticut, 1868.

Educated mostly in the public schools of California.

Started the Los Angeles Masonic Library in 1900; this institution is now the largest of its kind in the West.

One of the organizers of the League of Western Writers.

Member of The Gamut Club, The Cadman Creative Club, The Verse Writers' Club of Southern California.

Has appeared in many American poetry and literary magazines and anthologies, and is the author of short stories and essays.

FIELD, SARA BARD:

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1882.

Educated in Detroit, Michigan, with later uncredited work at Yale and Western Reserve Universities.

Active for years in the Woman's Liberation movement; assisted in organizing Oregon and Nevada before State suffrage attempt gave way to National movement at which time became speaker for the National Woman's Party and as such covered all of the Union except the South.

Interested in and associated with the Labor and Peace Movements.

Author of the books, "The Vintage Festival", 1920; "To a Poet Born on the Edge of Spring", 1925; "The Pale Woman", 1927.

A long dramatic poem, "Barabbas", will be published in the Spring of 1930.

Poems and articles have appeared in Poetry, Voices, Lyric West, Good Housekeeping, Drama, Nation, Overland Monthly, New Masses, Equal Rights, The Harp, etc., etc.

Included in several anthologies.

Wife of Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

Residence, "The Cats", Los Gatos, California.

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

FLANNER, HILDEGARDE:

Born in Indianapolis, 1899.

Attended Sweet Briar Institute in Virginia, and University of California. Hailed as one of the most promising younger women poets of the West. Author of three books of verse, "Young Girl", 1920; "This Morning", 1920; "A Tree in Bloom", and the one-act play entitled "Mansions", 1920. Her work has appeared in many of the literary magazines.

FORD, CHARLES HENRI:

Born in San Antonio, Texas, 1908.

Attended preparatory schools in the South and St. Mary's University in San Antonio.

Editor of *Blues, a Magazine of New Rhythms*.

Work has appeared in *Transition*, *Poetry*, *Books*, *Pogany*, *Tambour*, etc.

GRAY, WHITLEY:

Head of the Poetry Guild of the "Hanuwah League of Arts and Crafts"; also a member of the Editorial Board of *Troubadour*. Founder and former president of the San Diego Poetry Society; founder and former editor of *Muse and Mirror*.

His poems have appeared in many of the literary magazines during recent years.

The Troubadour Press will issue a volume of his poems during the winter of 1929, entitled "Vagabond's Bread."

GREER, HILTON ROSS:

Born in Texas, 1879.

Litt. D. Austin College, 1924.

On staffs of Southwestern newspapers since 1902. Managing editor *Amarillo Daily News* 1910-1914. Editorial writer for *The Dallas Journal* since 1914.

A frequent contributor to leading American magazines from 1903-1915. President The Poetry Society of Texas since 1921, the year of its organization. Member the Poetry Society of America. Member the Folklore Society of Texas.

Author of three books of verse, "Sungleams and Gossamer", 1903; "The Spiders and Other Poems", 1906; "A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems", 1912.

Edited "Voices of the Southwest", and "Anthology of Texas Verse," 1913 . . . and "Best Short Stories from the Southwest", 1928.

HALL, SHARLOT:

Educated in public schools of Arizona.

Author of "Cactus and Pine", 1910, revised and enlarged 1924.

Included in the anthology "Songs of Horses."

Contributor to Short Stories and kindred magazines.

Home—Prescott, Arizona.

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JEFFERS, ROBINSON:

Born in Pittsburgh, Penn.

Studied at University of Zurich, the University of Western Pennsylvania, the University of Southern California, Occident College in Los Angeles, and the University of Washington.

Author of the books "Tamar", "The Tower Beyond Tragedy", "The Women of Point Sur", "Cawdor", and "Dear Judas".

A regular contributor to the better class literary magazines.

Residence Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

The Titan of Western poets.

JOHNSON, SIDDIE JOE:

Born in Dallas, Texas.

Attended Incarnate Word Academy in Corpus Christi, Texas, now a sophomore at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth.

Poems have appeared in many literary magazines, including *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, and *The Tom-Tom*.

Included in Braithwaite's anthology for 1928-29.

KNOX, JOHN H.:

Born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, 1905.

Attended schools and college in Abilene, Texas.

Student of portraiture under the Russian artist, Peter Plotkin.

His poems have appeared in many magazines throughout the United States.

Editor of the Texas Number of *Troubadour*.

Included in Braithwaite's anthology 1929.

Associate Editor of *Tom-Tom*.

LORRAINE, LILLITH:

Born in Corpus Christi, Texas, 1894.

Teacher in public schools of Texas for three years.

Established the Academy of Commerce and Languages in Mexico.

Poems have appeared in many poetry magazines.

Author of several scientific-fiction stories, some of which have been translated into Spanish and published in Mexico.

Associate Editor of *The Tom-Tom*.

Present address Tucson, Arizona.

MACLEOD, CATHERINE STUART:

Born in Greenville, Alabama.

Attended Universities of Alabama, Alabama Institute of Technology, University of Arizona and University of New Mexico.

Poems in *JAPM*, and *Palo Verde*.

Included in *Anthology of Alabama Poetry* for 1928.

Wife of Norman Macleod.

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MACLEOD, NORMAN:

Born in Salem, Oregon, 1906.

Attended Universities of Iowa, Arizona, Arkansas and New Mexico; at present a student in the last named.

Contributing editor to *New Masses*.

Poems have appeared in *Tambour* (Paris), *Blues*, *New Masses*, *Poetry*, *The Harp*, *Bozart*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Opportunity*, *Birth Control Review*, *Janus*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Pagany*, *The Echo*, *Overland Monthly*, *The Frontier*, *Driftwind*, etc.

Included in Braithwaite's anthology for 1928-29; *The Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*, *The Oracle Anthology*, *Grub Street Book of Verse* for 1928, *5 Poets*, *Unrest*, etc.

Lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

MERRILL, ARTHUR TRUMAN:

Born in Quechee, Vermont.

Graduate of Stanford University.

Teacher of History and English in various California High Schools; later college instructor in Economics and Oriental History.

Student of voice culture under Richard Lowe at Berlin.

Contributor to several verse magazines and anthologies.

Author of the book "White Musc."

Living in Glendale, California.

Associate editor of *The Tom-Tom*.

MONTGOMERY, VAIDA STEWART:

Born in the Lower Panhandle of Texas.

Her poems and short stories have appeared in *Holland's*, *Modern Home-making*, *The High Road*, *The Buccaneer*, *The Year Book of Poetry Society of Texas*, *The Torch Bearer*, *JAPM*, and others, including *Sunset*. With her husband, Whitney Montgomery, she is editor of *The Kaleidoscope*, a *National Magazine of Poetry*.

MONTGOMERY, WHITNEY:

Born in Navarro County, Texas, 1877.

A contributor to many magazines and anthologies, including Braithwaite's.

Author of the book, "Corn Silk and Cotton Blossoms", 1928.

In 1922 assisted in the organization of *The Poetry Society of Texas*, of which he is still a member.

In 1929 he established *The Kaleidoscope*, a *National Magazine of Poetry*.

Living in Dallas, Texas.

NANCE, BERTA HART:

A contributor to *Kaleidoscope*, *Contemporary Verse*, *JAPM*, *Holland's*, *Southwest Review* and other literary journals.

Author of the book of verse, *The Round Up* 1927.

Member *Poetry Society of Texas*.

Resident of Albany, Texas.

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

OLSON, TED:

Born in Laramie, Wyoming, 1899.

Graduate of University of Wyoming.

Newspaper work in Oakland, San Francisco, New York City, Denver, Casper, Wyoming. Now news editor Laramie Republican-Boomerang.

Contributor to most of the poetry magazines.

Included in Braithwaite's 1925 to '29 inclusive; Strong's "Best Poems of 1926"; "Continent's End, a California Anthology"; "JAPM Anthology"; "Echo Anthology."

Winner of *Poetry's* Young Poet's Prize for 1928.

Author of the book "A Stranger and Afraid", Yale University Press, 1928.

PURNELL, IDELLA:

Wife of John M. Weatherwax.

Editor of *Palms*.

Contributor to all of the better literary magazines.

Included in many anthologies.

Living in Galeano, Guadalajara, Mexico.

REYNOLDS, LUCY:

Born in Los Angeles, California, 1883.

Educated in public schools of California.

Contributor to several poetry magazines.

Present address Los Angeles.

ROBERTSON, LEXIE DEAN:

Contributor to *Century*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Holland's*, *Poetry and the Play*, *Ladies Home Journal*, and others. Author of the book of verse, "Red Heels."

National Vice-President (from Texas) League of American Penwomen, frequent prize winner in the poetry contests sponsored by Poetry Society of Texas. Member Poetry Society of America. Well known as a reader of poetry.

Residence, Rising Star, Texas.

ROBINSON, W. W.:

Born in Trinidad, Colorado.

In title insurance business in Los Angeles, California.

One year with the A. E. F.

Contributor to many magazines, including *Troubadour* and *Tom-Tom*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

ROMIG, EDNA DAVIS:

Born in Rarden, Ohio.

Married in 1913 to Albert Stanley Romig (deceased, October, 1919).

One child, William Davis Romig.

Educated in Ohio and Indiana; A. B. from DePauw University; M. A. University of Wisconsin.

Taught at DePauw, 1911-1913; at Wisconsin University, 1917-19; and at University of Colorado since 1919, being now Assistant Professor of English.

Member of Phi Beta Kappa, Modern Language Association, American Association of University Professors, Shakespeare Association of America. Has had prose articles in the Atlantic Monthly, Outlook, Yale Review, and various issues of the Studies of the University of Colorado.

Verse has appeared in many poetry magazines and in some ten or twelve anthologies.

Her book, "Robert E. Lee and Other Poems", is to appear shortly.

SPATES, VIRGINIA:

Born in West Virginia.

Past President The Eva Foeller Art League; recent President of The City Federation of Women's Clubs of Sherman, Texas; Past Chairman of Texas Artists; now Chairman of Texas Artists for the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs.

Contributor to most of the poetry magazines.

Included in twenty-two anthologies, among them Braithwaite's, Stratford's, JAPM and others.

Contributing Editor to Tom-Tom.

Doctor of Osteopathy.

Living in Sherman, Texas.

WEISS, HENRY GEORGE:

Born in Nova Scotia, of American parents, 1898.

Newspaper work.

Contributed to New Masses, old Liberator, Driftwind, Pearson's, Workers' Monthly, Daily Worker Magazine, and others under the name of Francis Flagg.

Included in American Anthology and An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry.

Present address, Tucson, Arizona.

WOOD, CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT:

Born in Erie, Pennsylvania, 1852.

Graduated from West Point in 1874.

Explored Alaska 1876.

Served in Nez Perces Campaign 1877, Ute Campaign 1878, Adjutant Military Academy West Point 1882, resigned 1884.

BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

WOOD, CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT—(*Continued*)

Practiced law in Portland, Oregon, retired 1915, and has since lived in California.

Author of "Maia", "Masque of Love", "The Poet in the Desert", and "Poems of the Ranges."

And the prose works: "A Book of Tales", "Heavenly Discourse."

Husband of Sara Bard Field.

Residence, "The Cats", Los Gatos, California.

YOUNG, KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY:

Born in Texas.

Associate editor of *Blues, a Magazine of New Rhythms*.

Contributor to all the poetry magazines.

Included in several anthologies; Braithwaite's, JAPM, and others.

Home, San Antonio, Texas.

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THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE GOLDEN STALLION

I have heard in the heart of darkness
How the Golden Stallion paws . . .
And the years beneath his longing—
Star-dust and broken straws!

I have seen, like blown coals glowing,
His great eyes in the cloud
And the flame of his mane was drifting
From arched neck shining and proud.

The dew of wild sky-meadows
He shakes from him, and skies
Burst into dawn wherever
The spray of the splendor flies.

And the Golden Stallion thunders
Swift wonder from the crest—
Through ages, hearts and places:
Dawn, beauty and unrest!

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

A DESERT BIRD-BATH

A tiny hollow in rust-colored rock
Has caught the brakish water drop by drop
Grudgingly given, by a higher ledge,
From drouth-defeated springs . . .
And here I see a gray bird stop
And peer in wonder at the edge
Of water and then flutter happy wings,
Tossing wee rainbows on the gray of things . . .
And now it preens its feathers in the sun
And stops to sing.
O bird, I understand—for I am one
Who found the lonely willow by the spring.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SONG

I have seen the cloud of fire where the eagle's eyes
Were lighted; I have seen its shadows on
The wild glades where the grasses lurched and swayed
In wind from the flight of the fawn.

I have seen the glade of molten moonlight where
The fawn's eyes joined the stars in a hidden pool—
When the cloud of fire was ashes and the wind
On the eagle's eyes was cool.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE SIGNS

I found two signs in a rugged pasture
And knew that a house had been there by these;
The depth of a hole that was dug for the cellar,
The height of a little circle of trees.

To leave the depth that a generation
Had but half filled, and the height that grew
To a roof of leaves and walls, with windows
Open on summer, was something to do.

But here in the valley some of the neighbors
Have forgotten the place or have not known . . .
Too busy with depth of a grave, too weary
Under the height of a little stone.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SHADOWS

Where slow winds stir the golden dusts of sunlight
On meadow grasses only enough to let through
Earth-fragrances, falls suddenly the shadow
Of a hawk, hung on dark wings between the gold and blue.

The little spring is silver; in its mirror
Shine the jeweled eyes of birds that near it stay,
The lights on wings . . . and in the sky is only
One cloud—but it shadows the spring when drifting over this
way.

Over the poppy, drowsy on the hillside,
Warm as the lips of love, with only a stir
Like the tremble of lifted lips, a shadow lingers—
In silence, over the crimson, hovers the plunderer!

All to be changed so soon! The dusts of the golden
Hours and the silver and crimson, all patiently wrought
To perfection and lost! . . . Hawk, cloud and bee in one
shadow
To hover and pass! . . . and leave on the mind but the
shadow of thought.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

A DESERT GARDEN

From blue sky edges riot down
The vines of dawn whose petals blow
In smoky clouds that drop their sparks
Which into cactus flowers grow.

And in the narrow valleys, bound
Into the distance, yucca stands
At slow white dreams, too proud for love,
Too ghostly for the touch of hands.

It was no wonder that she made
A garden, though the growth was slow,
For something lovely to be her own—
And something that needed help to grow.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SONG

The minnows were shuttles
In willow patterns
Spread on the pool.
The leaves and the minnows
Were shining together,
Shining . . . and cool.

A wisp of the rainbow
On wings that were jeweled,
The humming bird came.
The bird and wild roses
Were dancing together,
Dancing . . . and flame.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PALE FLOSS AND SILVER THREADS

Pale floss and silver threads, too frail for these
Vast looms to catch in tapestries and hold
To patterns of the crimson and the gold,
Are lost in air. The ripple of a breeze
On flaming hillsides in a moment frees
The milkweed silk; the thistle-down grows bold
For flight in one quick breath of wind that rolled
The puffballs on their aimless destinies.

Yet cobwebs cling where some proud altar lost
The flame, and thistle-down is blown again
Where reapers passed, and puffballs now are turned
Where wheels of conquest left the ruts soon crossed
By wind—and O, how many times since then
Earth's banners into sunset dipped and burned!

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

VALLEY OF GOLD

Dawn was a golden stallion
With one star on his face,
And heights and skies about him
Grew rhythmic with his pace
The time I found the place.

I looked down from the mountain—
Below me pearl-mist rolled
Like fairy seas to distance . . .
Left for me to behold
A valley full of gold!

No mines reared shadow-portals,
No trails were patterned there.
Only a golden silence
Was rapturous on the air—
And gold was everywhere.

I cannot name wild flowers
That lifted it from earth . . .
And who could pause to count it—
To lose it though re-birth
Adds yearly to its worth!

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DANCE IN THE DESERT

Veiled in the distance-rippled haze
The form of a goddess seems to stand
As tall as mountains, and her gaze
Is dawn across the vast of sand,
And she throws in an arc from her throne of days
The scarf of rainbows in her hand.

Her feet hold rhythms of questing storm
And passion pulsing in the sea.
Pearl, jade and ruby, god-caught, form
Her anklets flashing dreamily
And the touch of her body seems to warm
Her veils that circle out to me.

Her breasts, like rounded mountains where
Falls all the star-dust and the dew.
Make dizzy the enraptured air,
And her white throat uplifted through
The circling veils is now too fair
For clearer light or nearer view.

Her eyes behind the veils are more
Than mortal eyes can look upon,
Except as those upon a shore
Of distance look into the dawn
And grope to it—but as before
See it far off and quickly gone.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

What starry cymbals chime for her?
What strings are shaken from their trance?
What thundering winds sing from the blur
Of worlds, responsive to her glance?
We hear not—yet to music stir . . .
She has no partner for the dance!

And all that's left of gods in men
Cries out for her, to feel the swing
Of worlds about her feet, and then
Her touch and but a moment cling
Against her—though whirled out again
To live but in remembering!

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE GOLDEN STALLION

MESQUITE IN SPRINGTIME

A hardened, cold woman
Holding a blossom-braided
Lace shawl
Over the grim thorns
Of a barren life.

—WALTER R. ADAMS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

COTTON

I climb, at dusk, the narrow trail
That leads me, stone by stone,
Up to the slim hill's yellow crest,
Where broom weeds long have blown;
And there I pause and turn to look—
A sort of good-night view—
Upon the still September field,
Where soon shall fall the dew.

And as I look, I half-forget
Such painful things as these:
Torn fingers, aching, painful back,
And bruised and crimson knees.
For beauty robes the resting earth;
The toilsome field below
Is magical and calm and cool
With green—drifted snow!

—WALTER R. ADAMS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

RIO ABAJO

In Rio Abajo ghosts walk,
At Socorro I saw them,
Three and twenty brown gowns, rope-girt and sandalled.
By old Isleta ford,
Don Francisco de Coronado with his Spanish gentlemen—
Armor-rust on their satin sleeves,
Arrow-slits in their leatheren greaves—
Rode all down the cotton fields
While the Tegua war-drums thundered.

Once in the dawn below Belen
Creaked the broad-wheeled carreta train
Whose single guttering candle showed
Where La Conquistadora rode
To reconquest and old pain.

Once by this saguan's ruined arch
Music its walls absorbed gave back again,
As in the dusk guitars were playing,
And on the stamped adobe floor
The dance still swaying.
Still is the Alameda sweet
With sun-steeped petals strewn
Where late the twinkling monstrance passed,
Mid gold more lucent than its own,
To bless the fields again.

—MARY AUSTIN

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DROUTH

I.

What way shall a man turn
When earth and sky neglect him?

Shall he reproach the late-coming rain,
Laggard, the lights are out and my servants departed?
Or say to the river, *Yesterday, had you run*
I had been here to receive you?
If a woman betrays him, there is relief in cursing,
But where shall he go or stay
When the rains are unfaithful?

II.

The Drouth has taken the land!

On Mogollon the herd grass breaks in white tinder,
The Gila shows its bone, and the Mimbres
Is a dried sinew on a shank too long unburied.

Over on Kaibab the blacktail
Browse on the bitter brush and the hemlock branches,
The round-horned elk have passed over
By Wolf-creek pass to the lean ranges of Three Rivers.
Of the deer kind there is nothing left
Worth the chut of an arrow.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

Around Tsotsil the buzzards
Are making a merry-go-round;
The rack-boned cattle
With their heads toward the stopped water courses
Are ringed with menacing shadows.
Nothing fattens now but the carrion eaters.

The disks of the prickly pear
Thin and curl like old pasteboard.
Down all the dark *bajadas* the hot wind has raped
The thousand-belled *maguey*,
And the White Ladies, the Dasytirion,
Who used to bow there and courtesy,
Scattering scent from their laces.
There's never a leaf-bird hops in the straked corn,
Never a flick, in the one-leaved pines, of the *pinonero*,
Nor a magpie, bringing the junipers,
Black and white on its wings, the footsteps of morning.
And dr-r-ry, dr-r-ry, dr-r-ry churrs the night hawk.

In the Rio Grande country
The starved mesas tug at the sky
Like calves at the stripped dugs of their mothers;
All day the saffron-colored wind struggles woundedly
For a few drops, scant and unrelieving
As tears to the aged.

Truly, Drouth has taken the land!

THE GOLDEN STALLION

III.

Oh, to see the fine rain walking
Among the Tewa villages
In her lilac-tinted veils!

Or the he-rain, upright between the ranges,
With his moccasins of dark cloud,
With his wings made out of the far darkness,
With his wing hollows out of the evening blueness,
With his voice of the thunder, *Thonab! Thonab!*
The voice of the rain standing.

O fructifying male divinity,
With the full-shaped cloud under thy feet
With thy far-flung lightnings,
Come to us, soaring!

In Papagueria the mocking-bird
Is climbing his slender ladder of song
To the rain home, to the house of the dark cloud;
Down its viewless steps his song comes dropping
Clear notes of roundness for the rain to follow.

In the west the clouds come up,
The white house of the rain comes up,
Thundering and shining,
Trailing ropes of rainbow the rain comes rushing!
Over the vast *abras* that are like charmless women
Aching to be coupled with the covering storm,

THE GOLDEN STALLION

The rain comes roaring,
On the moon-colored *playas* the uneasy dust
Is laid by the holy rain.
Around the roots of the juniper
It makes slithery yellow runnels,
It gurgles in the *acequia*,
The great corn plant rejoices.

When shall we see this again!

IV.

High on Jemez there's a great world shrine;
Looking north toward Pimpije,
Looking west toward Tsikumu,
Looking south toward Oku and the Tewa world.
Deep bite the trails of the many, many moccasins
Working toward the shrine,
The white shell shrine of the six world regions
And the four earth altars.

In the Tewa villages they are tying prayer plumes
For the shrines of Jemez.
They are burning candles to Moorish-eyed Madonnas
Pranked in Spanish hoopskirts,
To the carved and painted *Santos*,—
Jose with his flowering rod,
Jesus crowned with cactus,—
Little wavering candles.
They are making meal roads,
Ancient, holy roads for their prayers to pass.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

In the Queres villages
The knowing ones are dancing,
Cloud-calling head-dresses blossom to the breeze;
Around the planted fields all the gourds are rattling,
Roll of poisoned pebbles like the myriad feet of rain!
They are dancing to the gods of the many-colored zenith,
To the old, kind gods of the gracious hidden faces,—
Hidden in the cloud masks, hidden in the rainbow—
Going to and fro to make the earth more fruitful,
To the dark cloud people,
To the white cloud people,
To the arrow lightning people,
They are calling to the thunder
To bring the growing rain.

They are calling to the Host
By the drumhead's mimic thunder,
On the placid patron Saint in his pink crepe kimono,
With the silver clast of shells
Like the rapid rush of rain,
On the Blessed Ones and martyrs
Who come flocking to the drums,
On the new strong gods who make the Roman sign.
They are calling with their dancing,
Rain! Rain! Rain!

V.

The Drouth is over the land.

This year six hundred Papagos
Who were once good cattle owners
Will be working the mines at Ajo.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

On Moencopie a thousand flocks, unsheperded,
Will hear, for the voice of the herder,
The hunting cry of Mokiach, my lord Puma.
Dry farmers in Estancia,
Leaving their locked homesteads,
Are doubly shamed as they go, by the imploring
Stark arms of their orchards.
There is no weather sign watched now
By the citizens of small towns
But the tightening lines around the lips of their bankers.

We are in the Left Hand of God.

Thus said Our Ancients,
When of his unknowing thought Awillowillona
Made the earth mother, made the sky father,
Set them to spin in the midst of the world-encompassing water.
As in the Kiva the cloud-priest
Lifts with his breath the spume of the cloud-bowl,
So with his beam the Father-All-Father
Impregnates the foam cap.
Thus between sea and sun are begotten
The Great Twin Brethren, Righthand and Lefthand,
Up through the corn, pulling the dust to be man,
Pulling man down to the dust.

By what drouth of the spirit
Do we wallow so long in the dust,
Awillowillona!

—MARY AUSTIN

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CALLER OF THE BUFFALO

Whenever the summer-singed plains,
Past my car window
Heave and fall like the flanks of trail-weary cattle
When the round-backed hills go shouldering down
To drink of western rivers,
And dust, like ceremonial smoke,
Goes up from the long-dried wallows,
Then I remember the Caller of Buffalo.

Then I think I see him,
Head feathers slant in the wind,
Shaking his medicine robe.
From the buttes of Republican River,
At Pawnee bluffs
Offering sacred smoke to the Great White Buffalo.
Then at dawn, between jiggling curtains, I wake
To the star-keen note of his deer-shin whistle.

O Caller of Buffalo!
Hunt no more on the ancient traces
Pale and emptied of grong as a cast snake-skin;
Come into my mind and hunt the herding thoughts
The White Buffalo
Of the much desired places.
Come with your medicine making,
O Caller of Buffalo!

—MARY AUSTIN

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DREAM DUST

Old Pop Smiley can look across his dreams
And see a thousand wagons in the dust of many teams;
Sit still and listen to the sounds of other years,
And hear the yokes a'creaking on the necks of tugging steers;
Hear the groans of dying men and smell burnt powder,
Hear the redskins galloping closer in and louder;
Know again an arrow's sting, sense a bullet's breath,
Think the thoughts a man thinks and he facing death.

Old Pop Smiley was a freighter on the Trail—
Face road-wrinkled and his eyes age-pale,

He knew the look of wagon tracks toward the western sun;
How to guard a lone camp when the day was done.

From Dodge across the prairies to the hills of Santa Fe,
He knew each sweating peril of the long, lone way.

Sitting in his chair, now, weak and old and humble,
Into his old heart the old days tumble.

Wagon phantoms creaking by, old dream dust—
Call him to a lone trail. Go he must.

Old Pop Smiley with his body-heart at rest,
Follows phantom wagons to a far new West!

—S. OMAR BARKER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE BALLAD OF STEPHEN THE BLACK

Stephen the Nigger rides up from the South,
Taste of squart alkili tanging his mouth;

Banners of Spain boast the strength of his spear,
Rides he to conquest—the Black Cavalier!

Tall phantom cities rise up as he comes—
Dim from far cliffs rolls the booming of drums.

Seven famed cities of gold, runs the story,
Far fabled Cibola! Conquest and glory!

Stephen the Spaniard in helmet and plumes—
Hark! Now the war drum of Acoma booms!

Few are his troopers and many their fears—
Dim jungle memories stir as he hears

Soft in the distance in weird rhythmic throoming
Tom-toms that quiver the ground with their booming.

Strange to his comrades his eyes' sudden light . . .
Stephen the Nigger makes camp for the night.

Oh, in the desert-gray shadow of dawn
Stephen the Black Man has left them and gone—

Gone stripped and painted to conquer alone
Golden walled cities. He finds them but stone—

Menacing crags in a blue desert sky.
War drums are beating—must Black Stephen die?

THE GOLDEN STALLION

Down throng brown warriors to slaughter and kill—
Stephen the Black stands alone, tall and still,

Helpless, no sword to swing out as they come—
(Out of his bed-skins he's fashioned a drum,

Plumes into medicine bonnets he's turned,
Red on his chest the Sun Symbols he's burned.)

Soft, as they come down the cliff gaunt and vast,
Rhythms surge into his blood from the past.

Throbs from his drum a tattoo weird and low—
Sound-shadows called from the black long ago.

Oh, as he chants before Acoma town,
Dim walls of Time come slow-toppling down!

Little brown men of the desert's gray sod
Hear the strange voice of a long forgot god.

Down drop their stones and stone hatchets of death
Blown from their hands is the peace-symbol breath!

Up the slant trail to the kiva they bear
Stephen the Shaman, his plumes in the air.

"*We-wab-be!*" Peace drums are tooming again:
Stephen the Nigger has conquered for Spain!

High in the cliff city, so runs the story,
Red men bowed down to a black wizard's glory:

Stephen the Nigger, throm-toom-tooming low,
Drumming black ghosts out of dim long ago!

—S. OMAR BARKER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

RIDE 'EM CLEAN!

Gray hoss, black hoss, pinto, roan
Broncos tough as the devil's own—
I've spent life with my legs a-straddle
Of a buckin' hoss and a cowboy saddle.
Some bucks straight and some all around,
Some snorts skyward, some paws the ground,
Some, 'tis said, weren't never rode,
But I stays on (if I don't get throwed)
Plumb to the end of the jamboree,
Ridin' 'em fair and scratchin' 'em free!
Never a bronc that I wouldn't mount!
(Now I'm old and ain't no count).
Gray hoss, black hoss, pinto, roan,
Broncos tough as the devils' own—
Ride 'em as they come, boy, never mind the weather,
Give 'em free rein and don't pull leather!
Stay if yuh can, but ride 'em clean!
That's *bronc-stompin'*—the kind I mean.
Yuh're still winner if yuh git throwed flat,
Ridin' of 'em clean, boys . . . life's like that.

—S. OMAR BARKER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE BALLAD OF COWBOY LOU

Now young Kid Lou was a lad I knew
In the days of the open range,
Of a smart-aleck breed till a great stampede
Worked a sudden and complete change!
Lou, he come from Chi to the old Bar Y
And he strutted in boots and spurs,
A kid as green as yuh ever seen,
And cocky as cockleburrs.
To hear him bluff, he'd got so tough
A-ridin' the cowland trails,
Stampedes was play to him—and say—
His whiskers, they was nails!
*Whoopy yee, now son, don't kid him none,
Fer he's a bold bad'un, a song of a gun!*
Until one night with the herd in sight
Way up on the Cimarron,
He got so rank that we played him a' prank
As good as the devil's own!
While young Lou slept, old Keech and me crept
To the tent that was over his head,
Then we stomped (in fun) like a herd on the run
And jerked the tent down on his head!
"Stampede!" we bawls, as the old tent falls.
Kid Lou lets out one yell,
And there he goes in his underclothes
A-runnin' to beat blue hell!
*Whoopy ye kiyoo, don't blame pore Lou,
The chances are you would of run away too!*

THE GOLDEN STALLION

He hits the herd like a thunderbird,
The cows give one wild stare,
Then, tails to the sky, away they fly,
Stampedin' fer Gawd knows where!
The Kid in the lead at breakneck speed,
They thunder a-crost the flat.
We follows soon and the white old moon
Saw never a race like that!

*Whoopy ye kiyoo, my tale ain't through—
I'm singin' the ballad of tenderfoot Lou!*

We heads 'em back up a grass-growed track
Before we sees Kid Lou—

They's jest one tree in the whole countree,
And the Kid he's found it too!

Is he climbin' it? Not a doggone bit!
He's settin' plumb flat on the ground.

He's got one knee agin the tree
And his arms flung tight around!

As the herd romps by we can hear him cry,
Above the bawlin' cow din,
In a tremblin' voice: "Don't hurry me, boys!
"I'm a'climbin', boys, quit crowdin'!"

*Whoopy yee ti yo, don't crowd him so,
Fer he's a wil' cowpuncher r'arin' tuh go!*

When the stampede's through there sets Kid Lou—
He thinks he's up a tree!

His—er—pants is tore—but we hear no more
The tales of his bravery!

*Whoopy yee buzbuzz, don't crowd him 'cuz
Kid Lou ain't as brave as he figgered he wuz!*

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE MAVERICK

(A Cowboy Song Fer Night Herdin')

Jest three kinds o' cattle is all that there be:

With a yip-bi and hooley along!

The tame ones and wil' ones and mav'ricks like me—

And it's sundown on the ranges!

Hot irons mark the wil' ones in case they should stray,

But me and the mav'ricks is lost anyway!

And it's sundown on the ranges.

No man nor no god's got his brand on my hide,

With a yip-bi and a hooley-along!

The devil himself dodges trails where I ride.

And it's sundown on the ranges.

Where other folks quit is jest where I begin,

I'm a wanderin' cowboy, the maverick's twin!

And it's sundown on the ranges.

Just three kinds o' cattle and three kinds o' men,

With a yip-bi and a hooley-along!

I ain't saw no others since I don't know when,

And it's sundown on the ranges.

The tame corral kind they will come at yer call.

With a yip-bi and a hooley-along!

When the wil' ones git branded they beller and bawl,

But us hell-driftin' mav'ricks you caint' ketch a-tall!

When it's sundown on the ranges;

—S. OMAR BARKER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

WHEN BILLY THE KID RIDES AGAIN

High are the mountains and low is the plain,
Where Billy the Kid comes a-ridin' again.

Old Juanico sees him—black on the moon,
And two haggard horsemen come following soon.

Now topping the rim-rock, now hid in a vale,
Four ghostly white riders press close on his trail.

No thudding of hoofbeats, no sound anywhere,
But nine silent dead men are racing the air.

Beyond the old courthouse and following fast,
The tenth pale pursuer springs out of the past.

Old Juanico sees them—no other eye can,
The galloping Kid and his strange caravan.

Fort Sumner to White Oaks, Tularosa to Bent—
Guant horsemen await him at each settlement.

For blood's in the moonmist, as two dozen dead
Swoop down the dim trails where their killer has fled.

Gray in the mountains and white on the plain,
At moon haunted midnight they're riding again.

Time shadows the silence in old Lincoln town—
Look! Billy the Kid comes a-galloping down!

—S. OMAR BARKER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HOPI PRAYER

Rain, lean down
And touch my lands,
For I have many mouths to feed.
Sunshine, give me both
Your hands
To lift the flowers I need.

Wind, blow gently
From the west,
My harvest time is near.
Spirit, Thou hast
Done thy best
To allay my fear.

—CHARLES BEGHTOL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

IN OLD TUCSON

Within a 'dobe wall,
In yonder desert, sere and bare,
While purple shadows of the night
Were falling everywhere,
And on the air, so soft and warm,
Faintly came the night-bird's call,
I left her standing there,
Amid the flowers, within a 'dobe wall
In Old Tucson.

Her eyes were dark as pools
In shaded desert wells;
Her words were like the tones
Of far-off mission bells;
The jet-black hue of night
Was on her glorious hair,
And still within that garden
I seem to see her—there
In Old Tucson.

And often in my dreams
She stands within a patio
In Old Tucson, where 'dobe walls
Were builded low;
And in a garden rare the hollyhocks
Grow straight and tall,
Within a 'dobe wall,
Where purple shadows slanting fall—
In Old Tucson.

—CHARLES BEGHTOL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE SINGING SANDS

Behold the ever-shifting sands
Where torrid winds unceasing blow;
Where in the ages past, perchance
Were valleys; sunken now below
These drifting sands, but once the home
Of ancient people, long forgot.
Then flowed refreshing waters where
There lie today, all scorching hot,
The singing sands. Sometimes they whirl
In spirals through the desert air—
On, on, and upward to the sky,
To hang in pendant whirling there,
Ten thousand years may bring them back
To blend with earth's decay and rust,
Again to sing, to rise to go—
The singing sands are mummy-dust.

A million times within this land
The course of human life has run.
The "moving finger" of Old Time
Has taken note of every one
Who passed out on the painted sands
Where hangs aloft the thunderbird
Against a brazen—molten—sky.
With incantations none have heard
The Hopi prays for rain-wet lands;
The weirdly solemn Indian prayer—

THE GOLDEN STALLION

The mystic bird seems not in vain!
Ten thousand years! A thousand links
Unbroken, make the human chain
Of those who till the barren sands,
And sprouting corn breaks through the crust.
Again they sing— they rise—they go—
The singing sands are mummy-dust.

—CHARLES BEGHTOL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE COVERED WAGON

Through a mist of tears I watch the years
Of my youth go by again—
The golden years when the pioneers
First peopled an unknown plain.

By our camp fire's gleam on a far off stream,
Like a light in a drifting haze,
I journey back by the old dim track
That leads to the vanished days:

As the phantom trains of the wind-swept plains
In shadowy outline pass,
The cottonwood trees stir with the breeze
That ripples the prairie grass.

The prairies swoon in the radiant noon,
And I catch the lost perfume
Of the cactus blent with the faint sweet scent
Of the yucca's waxen bloom.

The cattle drink at the river's brink
At the close of the peaceful day—
They are dim-seen ghosts of the trampling hosts
That, far-flung, once held sway.

I hear the beat of a horse's feet
And a note from a night-bird's throat,—
The deadly purr of a rattler's whir,
And the bark of a lone coyote:

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

And the muffled thrum of the Indian drum
As it beats a weird tattoo
For the wild war dance—the old romance
Still stirs me through and through!

The trail grows dim . . . Ah, now the rim
Of the sunset sky bends low,
And the gray-green sedge at the prairie's edge
Is bathed in a blood-red glow!

The measured breath of my mustang's feet
Still lures me down the years—
And I want to ride back by the strong man's track
That I see tonight through tears.

—LENA WHITTAKER BLAKENEY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SACRED HEART MISSION

We came upon it suddenly—a place
Of cloistered peace and quiet, with a quaint
Old garden where a marble patron saint
Stands with uplifted hands and holy face:
One met us there—a man of antique race,
Like some priest in a picture now worn faint,
Such as Italian masters loved to paint—
And as he greeted us with old world grace,
This Indian land, the oil fields and their litter
Seemed far away, and distant things seemed near;
An abbey rose among gray olive trees:
I saw mauve mountains and the turquoise glitter
Of an old classic sea—and I could hear
A bell ring in the gardened Pyrenees.

—LENA WHITTAKER BLAKENEY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE PIONEER

With a sigh for the unknown land fevering his brain,
With a pulse as strong as the engine-heat on the rail;
With muscle like blue steel hewn for a ship of the main,
He crossed the Divide, he mastered the wild trail.
No flood of the dark Missouri, no white-hot plain,
Could stay the soul of his yearning, could wreck his dream.
No mountain-storm in its fury, no savage train
Could daunt or defeat! he followed the flying Gleam.

He conquered. Men knew his glory, and followed his sign.
They swarmed, and followed till Earth was full of the tale.
He rose as a hero looms on a battle-line,
When the roads are ruts and the whistling balls a gale.
So was he hardened, heightened, and given his might
To build the State and lift the Law for light.

—HENRY MEADE BLAND

THE GOLDEN STALLION

AT MONTALVO

There is magic in the sunshine; there is May-time in the sky;
And soft summery clouds are whitening in their sunny march
on high.

Sing the linnets in the arbor, shout the quail upon the hill;
And a little song of wonder croons the darkly-shaded rill.

Shine the sylphy purple lilacs, azure springtime's radiant dower.
Shapes of sapphire sky thick-woven for a happy lover's bower.

Rune the stately sempervirens memories of the olden time;
And the songs they chant are touched with many a tale of
merry rhyme.

Here is joy and here is wonder! Time delays his hurrying flight;
Lo, the far fields spread and greaten to a glory and a light!

Here we hark back to the splendor of the shining names that
were:
Saint and soldier; prophet, thinker; poet and enlightener.

Here from this fair grove of Aidenn, gaze we happy on our way;
For the trail of the tomorrow will be better today.

So we loiter with the Dreamer, great Montvalo come again,
Touched with spirit and fine vision of the joys and hopes of men.

—HENRY MEADE BLAND

THE GOLDEN STALLION

WHEN AUTUMN COMES

(A Desert Study)

It will be quiet here
When birds have flown into the haze
That leads into the south;
No sound will come to cheer the days
So filled with autumn's dingy grays.

I know that there will be
A lonely wind; a ghostly thing
That will come creeping past
The ocatillas of the spring . . .
And there will sigh, remembering.

Out in the silvered wastes
A coyote's wail will greet the dawn,
And fluted throats of reeds
Will echo back a weird old song
To match the yucca's lifeless yawn.

But stars will still parade
Around the moon and clouds will pass
In purple-shadowed gowns
Across white sands and withered grass
Whose twisted fingers turn to brass.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

INDIAN SIDE SHOW

(After seeing several commercialized dances)

Young bucks dancing, dancing, dancing,
To the beating of a drum;
Young bucks prancing, prancing, prancing,
To the thumping on a drum
Of bright silver and dull gold.

Once their decorated torsos
Writhed in unimagined pain,
While they danced for Him who knows
The value of a needed rain.

Old bucks in their hogans dreaming
Of the sand talk—and of war,
Of the Thunder-Bird's high screaming,
And the Dawn Boy at their door.

Thanking God for all such chances,
Thanking while they shout and laugh . . .
Young bucks doing sacred dances—
For a dollar or a half!

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

LAST "COLOR"

(A 'Desert Rat' Remembers)

My hands are brown,
My hands are old,
They have forgot
The touch of gold.

My feet are tired,
My feet are still,
They wander not
The calling hill.

My throat grows dry,
My breaths they bring
Short gasps—just from
Remembering.

My eyes still search
The ground I trod
Where I found gold
And talked to God.

My heart beats fast;
Too fast; I know,
But I must dream
Before I go.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THERESA OF SAN LUIS DEL BAC

Each day she walks a shadowed path
Within the convent garden walls
Until a sculptored Christ calls out
And hearing it she stops and falls
Upon her knees to utter there
Such words as are her daily prayer.

She is too young, and fresh, and soft,
For anything but happiness.
The ebon braids that nestle 'round
Her brow have never known caress
In quick delight of lover's hands
Upon their sleeping, glowing strands.

No prince may come to her and know
The sweetness of her lips, nor stare
Into her dreaming eyes and speak
Of other things than beads, nor dare
To hold her to his breast and tune
Her pulse to his beneath the moon.

She has awakened to these things
And shocks her own austerity
By mumbling strange desires that drown
Beneath a black futility.
She tells cold beads and dries hot tears . . .
These shall be her's thru all the years.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

YO-TAN-E-KI

(Study of a Cocapab Indian)

Each day he sits and stares
Into the distance that is great,
And things are in his eyes
That words have puzzled to relate.

Coarse denim clothes him now,
A chambray shirt, and flop-eared hat
Which all but hides his eyes,
And wire-tied shoes worn thin and flat.

His knotted hands are still
Within his lap; resigned, it seems,
To idleness and age,
And to the vanishing of dreams.

His rounded shoulders droop
Like eagle's wings grown weak with flight
Far down an unknown sky
Where darkness is, and death, and night.

No sigh, no movement shows;
He might as well be sun-baked clay . . .
But in his staring eyes
Are things words were not meant to say.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

WOOD CARRIERS OF THE TONTO

The desert there could tell you much
Of the slow padding feet that pass
Across its scorching sands and on
Until they reach the gramma grass.

Those distant hills could tell you, too,
Of bundled sticks that rest upon
Broad backs of squaws; strong backs that bend
Beneath their loads of dry pinon.

And hogans that stand silently
Could whisper of the sighs they hear
When straps are loosened from tired brows
To let the treasured sticks fall clear.

You have not seen these carriers
Of wood. You only see fat squaws
Who peddle pottery and sleep
With whistling breaths and sagging jaws.

Go to their Tonto camp with me
And I will show you squaws who could
Flash fire through blood of any man . . .
They are the carriers of wood.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CANCION del VAQUERRO

The road is long and still tonight
As I ride to the land of desire.
The moon and stars are lighting me
And I sing with a heart of blue fire.

Two eyes are looking north for me,
They are dark and are soft with the spring
That comes to women when they love . . .
So I ride like the wind while I sing.

Two arms reach out to hold me close,
And I know they are smooth and are brown;
How dear will be their touch again
When the stars and the moon have gone down.

Warm lips are waiting there for me
With a kiss that is sweet as old wine.
I know she whispers to the night:
"I am lost 'till his lips are on mine."

The road grows short, my horse keeps time
To the quickening beats of my heart . . .
Another mile, just one is left,
Of the way that was long at the start.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CHARLEY BILL MOSEYS OUT

They's lots o' things to pray for, God,
When a feller's rope is draggin',
But seems to me they's only one
That a 'puncher should be taggin':
It's hopin' that he'll ride Your range
And prove his salt where things is strange.

So, God, just hear me out tonight,
For I've a hunch I'm due to go.
I know they's times that I've forgot
The Good Book's words, and maybeso
I've turned a trick or two that's bad,
Or bet on cards I never had . . .

But, God, I reckon you know me.
I'm like a kid which wants his fun;
Who plays the game until he drops,
Or sticks it out 'till things is done.
I've swung my rope both fast and true
And now I'm signin' up to You.

And, God, when all my chips is in
Just let me drift to t'other side
Where grass is high and chuck is real
And know I'm ridin' by Your side.
That's all, I guess. I ain't no hand
To talk . . . but You will understand.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE LAST DRUMMER

Last night I heard an Indian drum
Throb quaintly through the dark;
No rhythmic beat but slow and strange.
A haunting thing and stark.

I listened well; I knew its voice
From many nights before
When it had stumbled with a sob
Then passed beyond my door.

Old Kerte lives and speaks to those
Who, distant as the stars,
Once sat beside the council fire
And showed their battle scars.

A chieftain he, without a tribe,
Without a wish save death . . .
It is the soul of him that cries,
No drum with halting breath.

His leathered hands brush tenderly
Upon the withered drum,
And hopelessly he turns an ear
To beats that do not come.

Some night, I know, I will not hear
The mournful, thrumming call;
Some night I'll look up to the stars
Where drums beat on for all.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DESERT MONKS

(Impressions of the Sabuarro)

Here is a master's etching
In the crimson flood of dawn—
A thousand monks are marching
With a prayer to cheer them on.

Their pleading arms are reaching
Ever upward through the haze;
I think they must be preaching
For the souls of other days . . .

Those souls in endless sleeping
In this silent land of dreams;
Those souls that God is keeping
In the pattern of His schemes.

How rich their place of passing,
And how sweet must be their sleep
Where desert monks are massing
And are marching twenty deep.

—D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CHAPALA MIDNIGHT

What spirit is abroad that so bereaves
The night? No one has sung, nor a guitar been played.
A hound under the house has whined and bayed
And a bat is breathing at the window-eaves.
When I look out the moon among the leaves
Of corn becomes a curve of metal. I am afraid
Lest I may hear the whisper of grass-blade
Growing out of a body that still grieves.

I lock my door and cringe along the wall,
Snuffing my candle as I creep to bed;
And when I hear a fragment of wax fall
On the table-top I feel at the top of my head,
Tapping my memory, the bony ball
Of a finger that was once perfectly made.

—WITTER BYNNER.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

IMPRESSIONS OF THE DESERT

I.

Lean coyottes on the hill
Mock their own wailing
With ribald laughter
Their lewd staccato cries excite my ear.

II.

The wind explores my hair with lecherous fingers
They thrust at my throat and breast,
My mouth is stopped with his kiss,
I am ravished by the wind.

III.

The moon is a forger
In his high chamber
Issuing checks on spent emotion
And signing them with my youth.

He is a counterfeiter
Whose false dies stamp
The spurious moidores of desire.

The moon a sly proceurer
Waylays my heart coercing it to lust.

—GRACE STONE COATES

THE GOLDEN STALLION

FOOTNOTE ON HISTORY: A TALE THE OLD FREIGHTER TOLD IN THE TOURIST CAMP

HARPIES

Joe Pizanthia, desperado,
Came to Bannack from Mexico;
When Plummer and Ray had paid their reckoning
The Vigilantees said: "Greaser Jo!"

He wounded one man sent to take him,
And stretched another dead at his feet;
A mountain howitzer raked his cabin
And drove him staggering into the street.

They riddled him, lifted him high on a ridge-pole,
Set him swinging and shot him more;
Fired the cabin, lowered the body,
And flung it back on the blazing floor.

That should end it: ashes to ashes,
And eye for an eye, and the story told—
But Nell, Stell and Josephine panned his embers,
Squatting and chattering, looking for gold.

—GRACE STONE COATES

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PETALS OF DARKNESS

(The Desert)

The languors of midnight are soft on the starkness
Of death in the back-curving petals of darkness;
Earth's cool exhalations are exquisite breath
In the indolent, amorous nostrils of death.
White maid, white moth!
White flame for the burning
Of each unto ashes no incense returning!

The blankness of daylight lays barren the passion
That redolent midnights in solitude fashion;
The odors of morning lie heavy across
A motionless wing and the ashes of loss.
Black dew, black draught!
Black billow attaining
Repletion . . . recession . . . no eddies remaining.

—GRACE STONE COATES

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CAVALIERS

How do we deem these wide plains commonplace,
Or think the old hills barren of desire,
When Romance walks them with uplifted face,
And Passion leaps them like a living fire?
Do we forget once streams ran liquid gold,
And high Adventure stalked the silver wind?
Heedless of danger, reckless, eager, bold,
Men rode, and fought, and laughed, and dreamed, and sinned,
And loved—mad loves, and little loves and light,
Under the love-made white moons of the South;
Hard men who fought all day, and danced all night,
And died at daybreak for a scarlet mouth?

Are Maximilian, Miramon, Marquez,
Sweet sound syllables and nothing more?
“Hill of the Bells”, some pleasant, unknown place?
Carlotta, but a name not heard before?
Magruder, Shelby, Maury—where are they?
The plains forget, the old hills cease to know
That once high-hearted, arrogant and gay,
These men of fire rode out to Mexico;
The sun a glory, and the wind high bliss,
While dark eyes dimmed, and red lips drooped that day,
And many a white hand fluttered with a kiss,
And many a heart broke as they marched away.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

They fought, and no man ever died, 'tis said,
But the wail of some hurt woman rent the air—

Love is it done? And Romance, is it dead?
And stalks there no Adventure anywhere?

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

RED EARTH

I knew the black earth of the North
As a child knows its mother:
The black land that my father owned,
And I knew no other,
Until one dazzling sunset hour,
The South, and its red earth glowing,
And here was I in a strange bright land
Little knowing
That I would take deep root within
This red soil, and would love it,
More than I loved the black earth
With the North wind above it.

My first sight of the red earth
Shall never be forgotten:
Sunset—and a red land
White with cotton;
Sunset—and the red hills,
And wild asters blurring
Every gully purple where
A late wind was stirring—

Always from the North a call
Through the sweet blue distance;
Always from my father's land
A definite insistence;
But my roots have struck so deep,

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

Deep beyond believing,
In the red soil of the South—
I shall not be leaving.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PRESIDIO

Where this rumped hill is,
Sun and rain again
Breed dark amaryllis,
Red as blood of Spain.

Where this crumbling hill is,
Dust of Dons has lain
A hundred years. How still is
Spanish pride here slain!

Low this haughty hill is,
Humbling to the plain
Where red lips of lilies
Kiss the shoes of rain.

—WINIFRED DAVIDSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

AT SUNSET

Stark beauty flares across the sky,
The battlemented clouds take fire—
Burn bluely, fiercely—and below,
Where madly painted plains of snow
Fling back a mist of jewelled light,
A lone wolf warns of lurking night.

Dark frigates, silver-sailed and tall,
Breast heavy seas of changing gold,
Soft veils of glowing ruby lend
Delightful shadows as they wend
Their lovely way above the sun.
The lone wolf mourns that day is done.

Gray phantoms lower upon the rose,
And azure blends with amethyst;
The plains are dim and coldly blue,
A pale moon faintly glimmers thru
The lacy mist. The gray wolf cries
His loneliness to deepening skies.

—RHODA DE LONG

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DREAMS . . . DUST . . .

Star dust
Gold dust
Dust from the threshing floor
Dust from wheels—wheels—
And the fine burden of the air,
Paradise-revealing when
 the sun descends.
Where the winds wander
 in weary lands of no water:
Mirage!
The rainbow
And the rainbow's end—
The goal—

Ships, ships
Returning—
Phantom frigates—
Golden—
Coming homeward—
 inverted,
 superimposed—
In the air . . .
In the dust.

—RHODA DE LONG

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE FIGHT AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS

I remember the bridge at the Rio Grande
With the peons and soldier braves
And the stolid crowds of an alien land—
The whining beggar with outstretched hand,
And the dark-haired, wanton slaves.

I saw a priest and a nun pass by,
On the bridge at the Rio Grande,
And a screaming eagle from out the sky
Unloosed his talons, the swifter to fly,
Like a sword unsheathed in the hand.

And there in the jostling, border crowd
From Piedras Negras town,
A caballero cursed me aloud—
His gringo rival, who halted and bowed
To a maid in a Spanish gown.

The watching priest crossed his cavernous breast
And the nun murmured over her beads—
That God would give to the people rest,
Though wolfish men, at wealth's behest,
Made war with their secret deeds.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

And over it all was a sinister light—
Wild the eagle's screaming, above,
And the Piedras Negras streets at night
Knew brawling deeds of fearful plight
And little of Christly love.

Near Eagle Pass I touched my blade
And fondled my gun for the fight—
But there on the bridge I met that maid
As she came from a churchly, dim arcade
And shrank from my eager sight.

Yet she whispered to me as if threatened and loth:
"Go quick, or your life is undone!
For the caballero has taken an oath
To unleash red hate and murder us both!"
Thus strangely is war begun.

—BEN FIELD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

POPPY GOLD

I was grubstaked by a woman in the roaring month of March
As I mined along the hills of San Joaquin,
Gurgling canyon-water told me that my tongue need never
parch,
And I cradled yellow gravel through a screen.

Love was loaded on my bronco by the side of meat and flour;
With joy my heart throbbed strongly in my side;
But the nuggets I was seeking, for my sweetheart and her dower,
Were elusive,—like the mustang when he shied.

Then lifted up my vision from the trail, which, winding, led
To the mesa, and Oh, miracle! Behold,
My lady of the grubstake lay, an heiress in her bed,—
The Mesa, studded red with gleaming gold.

O the poppies, yellow nuggets, brighter than the golden-larch!
In sagging loads I hung them at my side,
And the woman who had staked me in the roaring month of
March
Would be poppy-crowned, an heiress and a bride!

—BEN FIELD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HERB-GATHERER

Herb-gatherer, learned in the lore
Of root medicinal and leaf-cure, meek,
Did you, a syracusan boy, once seek
By Arethusa's font, Cyane's shore
The hemlock and the hellebore?

Or were you shown by an old monk from Spain
Here on these Spanish hills long, long ago
Where yerba santa, yerba buena grow—
Secret of potions pitiful to pain
And juice for sleep that never wakes again?

Now evenings on our rocky heritage,
You gather, as we walk the tangled way,
Wormwood and yarrow, fennel, mind and bay.
Or mornings, as an antidote to age,
You bring me elderberry tea or sage.

Herb-gatherer, has your root and leaf and flower
No other magic than for pain's surcease?
No philtre in your brew for Love's increase?
For I, who thought him grown to his full height,
Find him a star-span taller every night.

—SARA BARD FIELD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

WILD FLOWERS

No surveyor marks your plot,
Country road or city lot;
No judge, no precedent of law,
If your title has a flaw.

A sudden fall or flight of seeds
Caught among the withered weeds,
And all the future days and nights
You hold fast to squatter's rights.

—SARA BARD FIELD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

BUT BEAUTY ENDURES

The Spring is here . . . The Spring is flying.
Buds are bursting. No one grieves:
Summer is born when Spring is dying.
Beautiful as buds are leaves.

Summer is here . . . The Summer is creeping—
Scarlet stain in her emerald bed.
Autumn awakens when Summer is sleeping.
Beautiful as green is red.

Autumn is here . . . Oh, the Autumn is banished.
Birds fly over. Leaves let go.
Winter appears when Autumn has vanished.
Beautiful as leaves, the snow.

The Winter is here . . . Now Winter is sliding
Down the mountain in foamy suds.
Spring will burst in where Winter is hiding.
Beautiful as snow are buds.

—SARA BARD FIELD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PACIFIC WINTER

The quietly sipping rain that sucks the rose
Dangles from a cloud and then is gone.
The mists bow low, and falling prone disclose
Towers and cities made of violet stone.
The air with one quick flash is lit within,
And every flower is limpid on her stem,
And crystal bushes shudder and begin
To disengage their rainbows gem from gem.
The trees look downward from green galleries
And bless the garden with a plummy nod,
While I in vain, with slow and mortal eyes,
Run to outrun the presence of the god
Who paused an instant here and left behind
His fugitive cameo upon my mind.

—HILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SUPERIOR PEOPLE

The hummingbird unwinds before the lilly—
His little emeral engine never misses.
The sparrow at his shopping in the grass
Peers among the poppy's yellow dishes.

The thrush, whose legs run under him like spokes,
Rolls with amber frown about his business,
And the deliberate snail with roof and rental
Removes from pansy to the new hibiscus.

The dove, that kneels and murmurs on the bough,
Blows a honey-bubble from her throat.
With a sweet stutter then she flies away
Leaving the ample day vague and remote.

—HILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SKY-MEETING

Alone on the mountain ridge I waited, waited.

Immensity plunged to the sky and fainted
In its inverted ocean of gentian-burning,
Collapsed in cobalt whirls and circled
Into the high suspended lakes of air.
Below my feet the wilderness let down
From spire to spire, fell, hurled, swept, swooned
And with the pendant waters loosened from the snow
Finished falling.

Finished? No not until the vast descent
Jarred up and tripped upon
The lower hills with hyacinth backs
And over these sprawled flying, flung face
Down. This is the desert.

Below my feet, with balm sealed, honey-locked,
The trees are rooted in velocity.
Slow from the breast of rock they take their life
And inch by inch put green into the sky.
Sloping below them pillars of blue snow
Fall as the sun moves on.

I am waiting alone in the steeple of the world.
Where have you wandered on the spacious snow,
Where bent to peer into infinity
And there slipped in,

THE GOLDEN STALLION

Where stood to lean on the amber body of a pine?
Here no bird shouts, no little prophet dares
To prick the round air with a song.
Here in the icy wilderness I am alone,
Alone in the centre of the looping wind,
Throwing its rings about me, closer coiling,
Until I can almost see the wind that binds,
Seeing the fir tree spin between his crystal sides—
Until I fear I too will spin
Wound in a spring of winding and unwinding wind
And shoot in stars of bitter snow

 Into the quite Mohave.

But suddenly through the maze of storm
You run and come to find me,
Dropping to rest at my feet with a cry.
And we go down to the canyon, down from the wind,
Down from inhuman pinnacles and towers of space,
Back to the shallow bells in the brook's heart,

 Back to earth,

Counting the sumless snow which is
 Loves number.

—HILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

VALLEY QUAIL

These laughing birds have voices like the moon
That purrs with loosened mildness over space.
(A little light, a little moth, and soon
The dikes go out that held the dark in place.)
A cryptic shout, a low unfleshly mirth
Rolls without an effort on the air,
Then drops in balls of ether back to earth,
Leaving me strained in wonder, half aware
It was a valley-creature that just flung
A heavenly taunt from such a narrow tongue.

—HILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DESERT DEATH

Nothing now but sterile space
and sand with which to wash my face

and sun to beat my blood so high
that I am drunk before I die:

I have not silence, neither peace,
nor loneliness in my release

but joyfully with sand and sun
I drink deep of oblivion.

—CHARLES HENRI FORD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DESERT

These are the desolate lands
The waste and wind-swept spaces
That kneel and raise burnt lips
To their gods in the far-off places,

Peoples long vanished!
Forgotten race!

I see the blue haze of their fires!
Blue-grey smoke of their sacrificial fires!
 fires long cold . . .
 but in the air
 at evening-time

I see the faint haze float upward
Rising from the floors of the desert
 rising from the mesas
 lazily lifts thin blue arms . . .

Gods of infinity!
Gods of immeasurable space!
 how long! how long!

This heat
this sun
these untired winds—
fawning wolves breathing their hot breath
their hissing breath . . .

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

Here all life is death!

These hummocks of sand
these flat-topped mesas—
weird gargoyles leering
with timeless detachment . . .
through the shimmering heat
through the crystalline cold
under an incandescent sun
under the black of a nubian night . . .

Leering in the face of an inept moon
dizzily turning about Earth
insanely darting from cloud to cloud

 This gargantuan travesty!
like a sword en garde at the throat of man
 This threat
Dreamers of the dust!
 what gifts
 what gods

Dreamer and gift and god are gathered
at last worshipper
and god
god and worshipper
are one . . .

THE GOLDEN STALLION

Ringling eloquence!

“The people are gathered to their gods
The gods are drawn to their people!”
they have lain down together
in the dust . . .

Heroic deed!

Worshipper!

Answered prayer!

The winds carry you upward
to soar
to whirl
to dance
to sing
in the far dream-heavens
with your gods . . .

These scourging winds
these architects of time
these messiahs . . .

You hearts
you brains
you hands
that contrived with curious skill
that planned with intricate reason
that hated
loved
killed
feared
worshipped
despoiled

THE GOLDEN STALLION

you have become tools
tools for the winds to hammer with
 you have become bludgeons
 you have become sharp knives . . .

The winds are carving their cathedrals
 their valhallas
 their parthenons
 their battlements
 their pyramids
carving them with kings and harlots
 priests and gods
 master and slave

Driven by the scourging winds
 sifted by their hands
 winnowed
carried to the high places
 dashed down
 reviled and mocked . . .

Dust that walked proudly!

Gods and dreams and dust
 have lain down together.

—WHITLEY GRAY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CACTUS BLOOMS

Lo, what wild beauty the dawn-lights disclose!
Beauty, new born
Of the clustering thorn,
Silkenly scarlet and satiny rose.

Life, so I muse, like a cactus grows,
Thorny (God's pity!) with infinite woes;
But beauty and love
Are the blossoms thereof,
Silkenly scarlet and satiny rose!

—HILTON ROSS GREER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

A ROAD OF MIDNIGHT PAGEANTS

This is no common roadway, Spain and France
Sowed every sentient clod with brave romance;
The cloven hoof-prints of the buffalo
Outlived its course three centuries ago—
A day when lures of water edged the wind;
The Lipans stalked them, swift and moccasined;
Conquistadores and their followers pressed
Sternly toward empire in a fabled west;
Haply along it, as an azure flame,
Maria de Agreda's spirit came;
The gaunt Franciscan next, with holy urge,
Bare-footed, at his waist the knotted scourge:
Then prairie schooners of the pioneer
Led Anglo-Saxons to their last frontier.

Here surged the Longhorn herds in bellowing hosts,
Spurred on, with shouting, to the trading posts;
And gay vaqueros, singing, galloped down,
Dreaming of dusk-eyed beauty in the town.

Missions and forts have crumbled. This remains,
A memoried roadway through the Texas plains;
To either side, the prairie, like a sea,
That scorns a shore, rolls vast and billowy;
And ever, when the day fails, overhead
Stretches another prairie, starred and dread,
There often, at the hushed and mystic hour,

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

The great moon blows, a silver cactus flower,
And in its light dead centuries walk free
On this old road in ghostly pageantry.

—HILTON ROSS GREER

THE GOLDEN STALLION

IN THE BRACKEN

Scent of pine on the hill tops,
Rush of the mountain breeze,
And long, deep slopes of bracken fern
Like sun-lit, emerald seas.

Gray old rocks where the lizards hide
And chattering chipmunks play;
Where the brown quail leads her timorous brood
Through the fons that bend and sway.

Home of the doe and her spotted fawns—
Shyest of woodland things—
Haunt of the hawks that dip and dive
On circling fearless wings.

The skies bend down with a deeper blue
Where the white clouds drift and hover;
And the tall peaks drowse in the golden haze
That dapples their forest cover.

The needles whisper an endless song
As the brown cones bend and nod;
“O rest, O rest, with the bracken and pine
In the strong green hills of God.”

—SHARLOT M. HALL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE COLORADO RIVER

Long, silent leagues of ever-shifting sand,
White-heat and shimmering to the distant hills
Where wheeling slow the whirwind dips and fills,
Or beckons like some shadowy, giant hand.
Gray wisps of greasewood and mesquite that stand
In withered patches like an old man's beard,
Ragged and grizzled . . . nearer, dark and weird,
Swift to posses and loath to give again.
Foam-ribbed and sullen, staggering with the weight
Of forests spoiled, he takes his price in full,
Stern toll for every drop to land and men;
In witness there . . . Poor pawn of love or hate!
Caught in a drift a grinning human skull.

—SHARLOT M. HALL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

BOATS IN A FOG

Sports and gallantries, the stage, the arts, the antics of dancers,
The exuberant voices of music,
Have charm for children but lack nobility; it is bitter earnestness
That makes beauty; the mind
Knows, grown adult.

A sudden fog-drift muffled the ocean,
A throbbing of engines moved in it,
At length, a stone's throw out, between the rocks and the vapor,
One by one moved shadows
Out of the mystery, shadows, fishing-boats, trailing each other,
Following the cliff for guidance,
Holding a difficult path between the peril of the sea-fog
And the foam on the shore granite.

One by one, trailing their leader, six crept by me,
Out of the vapor and into it,
The throb of their engines subdued by the fog, patient and
cautious,
Coasting all around the peninsula
Back to the buoys in Monterey harbor. A flight of pelicans
Is nothing lovelier to look at;
The flight of the planets is nothing nobler; all the arts lose virtue
Against the essential reality
Of creatures going about their business among the equally
Earnest elements of nature.

—ROBINSON JEFFERS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HANDS

Inside a cave in a narrow canyon near Tassajara
The vault of rock is painted with hands.
A multitude of hands in the twilight, a cloud of men's palms,
no more,
No other picture. There's no one to say
Whether the brown shy quiet people who are dead intended
Religion or magic, or made their tracings
In the idleness of art; but over the division of years these careful
Signs-manual are now like a sealed message
Saying, "Look: we also were human; we had hands, not paws.
All hail
You people with the cunning hands, our supplanters
In the beautiful country; enjoy her a season, her beauty, and
come down
And be supplanted; for you also are human."

—ROBINSON JEFFERS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HOODED NIGHT

At night, toward dawn, all the lights of the shore have died,
And a wind moves. Moves in the dark
The sleeping power of the ocean, no more beast-like than man-
like,
Not to be compared; itself and itself.
Its breath blown shoreward huddles the world with a fog; no
stars
Dance in heaven; no ship's light glances.
I see the heavy granite bodies of the rocks of the headland,
That were ancient here before Egypt had pyramids,
Bulk on the gray of the sky, and beyond them the jets of young
trees
I planted the year of the Versailles peace.
But here is the final unridiculous peace. Before the first man
Here were the stones, the ocean, the cypresses,
And the pallid region in the stone-rough dome of fog where
the moon
Falls on the west. Here is reality.
The other is a spectral episode; after the inquisitive animal's
Amusements are quiet; the dark glory.

—ROBINSON JEFFERS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

EVENING EBB

The ocean has not been so quiet for a long while; five night-herons
Fly shorelong voiceless in the hush of air
Over the calm of an ebb that almost mirrors their wings.
The sun has gone down, and the water has gone down
From the weed-clad rock, but the distant cloud-wall rises. The
ebb whispers,
Great cloud shadows float in the opal water.
Through rifts in the screen of the world pale gold gleams and
the evening
Star suddenly glides like a flying torch,
As if we had not been meant to see her; rehearsing behind
The screen of the world for another audience.

—ROBINSON JEFFERS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SHORE ROAD

Star up and sun down
And the ruffled water!
The young dusk is kissing
The day's last daughter.

Emerald and copper,
Then silver foil—
The sea mocks the roadway
Where dust-pots boil.

We, on the roadway,
Wind the long waves,
Where silence-slippered evening
Walks among the graves

Of all its selves that once were.
Poised light lingers,
But drab has covered silver
The width of two fingers.

Drab grows drabber,
Followed by jet,
Gulls cry a poignance
None can forget.

Sudden, through darkness,
Piers leap a-light—
Thin, jeweled bangles
On the wrists of night.

—SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HERON FLIGHT

There has been shadow,
Now the substance lies
Slow above water,
Paralleling skies.

There has been lifting
Into curved flight—
Aimlessly certain
On the taut light.

There has been fumbling
And a sharp grace,
Drawing strange features
On a blue face.

There has been motion
Stilling to rest,
As water takes heron
Back to its breast.

—SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

BUFFALO-GAP

Couched in the arms of quiet hills, she lies
Dreaming beneath the oak grove's checkered shade
Of days when bison thundered through the glade
And coyotes called against the midnight skies.
In vain the crumbling hills await replies
To Indian drums that beat the last chamade;
Silence and time have heaped a barricade
Of years against their savage battle cries.

Old legends linger 'round the valley yet;
An old house totters, and a new one
Raises its proud and unscarred walls instead
To shelter the new farmers, who forget
The old brown men that gossip in the sun,
The old hen scratching up an arrow head.

—JOHN H. KNOX

THE GOLDEN STALLION

GRASSHOPPER

Perhaps he knows by what a fragile thread
The sword's inexorable judgment hangs
Sharp and implacable above his head;
But hearing always the astute harangues
Of sages may grow wearisome to one
Tortured with song, who, knowing night impends,
Drinks at the golden goblet of the sun
And makes his music while the blade descends.

I saw him begging in the winter's blast;
I heard the pious ants make their replies:
"Go, feast upon your summer songs, or fast!"
Frozen, beneath a sheet of snow, he lies,
The winged singer of a season, dead—
While creeping ants drone axioms by his bed.

—JOHN H. KNOX

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PLAINS

There is a kinship of the plains and sea:
The undulating waves of earth assail
The bulwarks of the sky, as in a gale
The ocean storms her blue serenity.
Lone waters, and the barren plains, these two
Vast and conflicting elements that lie
Pressing their naked breasts against the sky,
Keep with the stars a common rendezvous.

The spacious silence that the seaman knows
The plain bequeaths her children, as they guide
Their living argosies across the wide
Sky walled expanse, the heritage of those
Whose lives like the unresting tides are spent
Beneath the star-encrusted firmament.

—JOHN H. KNOX

THE GOLDEN STALLION

ARROW-HEAD

Long since, the dark and crafty hands that wrought
From the unyielding flint this spear of stone
Have laid aside their weapons and have sought
The fields where phantom warriors walk. Alone
Of all his art, on which the years have spent
The violence of decay, one relic lies
Intact above his dust, a monument
To hands that killed, and Death that never dies.

Surely love stirred within that savage breast,
And surely those dark hands fashioned with care
Kind gifts of peace, forgotten by that fate
Unjust and pitiless, at whose behest,
Like an heraldic shield, his ghost must wear
This symbol of his hunger and his hate.

--JOHN H. KNOX

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE GRASS

I lean my ear among the disconsolate grasses
And listen to their murmurings, as along
The field of green, uplifted spears there passes
A young breeze burdened with their ancient song:
"Wind-bitten on the slopes of rocky highlands,
Lush in the warm recesses of the glade,
Slow, like the architects of coral islands,
We weave the shrouds of cities, blade by blade.

"Though now man's frail and arrogant feet may tread
In his brief triumph over us, at last
He shall go down beneath us to his bed.
And when the pageant of his pride has passed
To the inevitable dust, our palls
Shall gleam above his cities' ruined walls."

—JOHN H. KNOX

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DESERTED KIVA

I.

Along the star-enchanted aisles of night
I have known prodigies of sight and sound,
Where shadows melted in the mystic light
Drip from the silver trees upon the ground.
I have cried out at starlight over snow,
And trembled, seeing a wizard moon make gold
The sea's stark waste, but never shall I know
More magic than these kiva shadows hold.

Here in the compass of this earthen cist,
Gods regal as Osiris and more dread,
Have bowed before the worm's prevailing might;
But Time, who feeds upon their eucharist,
The wine of darkness and oblivion's bread,
Blots not their ancient sorceries from the night.

II.

In some dim corner of my heart there broods
A silence like this silence, harboring
The ghostly music of ancestral moods
Not quite forgotten. When the dark doors swing
Upon this atavistic crypt, I pay
Dumb homage at each mystic avatar
Of twilight gods now fallen in decay,
Whose cerements these turbid shadows are.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

How fragile are the walls that sunder us,
O ancient devotees! This sham veneer
Shields lightly the dawn-man's raw soul below;
Crack but the polished crust, and thunderous,
Out of this hollow darkness I shall hear
The drums that beat a thousand years ago.

—JOHN H. KNOX

THE GOLDEN STALLION

INDIAN BLOOD

I have dreamed the dreams of a dying race
That was old when the world was young,
I have thrilled to the quivering spirit-notes
Of a song that was never sung.

I am tired of your whimpering, grovelling creeds,
They are hollow through and through;
So I've turned from the god in your Great White Church
To the God that my fathers knew.

For I've heard you pray to the Lord of Love
Who fashioned the hell you dread;
And then go down to the market place
And barter your souls for bread.

Your icy pallor is on my brow,
Your blood is my spirit's brand;
But the flame that burns in my inmost soul
Was lit by a chieftain's hand.

And the forest calls and I soon shall go
Where the last of my kindred tread;
For I'd rather die with a dying race
Than live where the light has fled.

—LILITH LORRAINE

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SOUTHWEST

I could sing the lay of the broad paved way,
For I've travelled fast and far;
I have known the feel of the throbbing wheel
And the thrill of a racing car.

I could chant with glee of the wintry sea,
Where the great ships toss and roll;
Of the white-winged planes on the airy mains
Where the storm-gods take their toll.

But I've caught the zest of the Great Southwest,
In the realm of the rolling sand,
Where the lonesome note of the wild coyote
Floats over the Rio Grande.

So I'll tell the tale of the new-blazed trail,
Where the last frontier is won,
Where a man may ride at his partner's side
Right into the setting sun.

And I'll catch the tune of the desert's croon
As she hums in the blazing glow,
Hear the cowboy's song as he rides along
On the road to Mexico.

You may write the rimes of your gilded times,
You may take the fame it brings;
But I'll do my best by the Great Southwest
In the land of the Cattle Kings.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

So I'm going home where the horned-toads roam,
And the glistening rattlers glide;
And I'll build me a shack in the blizzard's track
And buy me a horse to ride.

—LILITH LORRAINE

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE RANGER

He's as tall and straight as ever,
And his eyes are just as bright,
But he has a look about him
Like an eagle poised for flight.

He's staring out to the westward
As he sniffs the wintry air,
And he mutters, "Must be something
A'brewing Over There."

For he's rode with the Texas Rangers
When the trails were wild and dim,
And whenever folks had trouble
They always sent for him.

So he's oiling his rusty rifle,
For he's taking the trails again,
As a shot rings out in the darkness—
The call of the Spirit-Men.

And he's not the kind for shirking
At the beat of the final drum;
When the Captain calls: "Attention!"
And the Boss of the Ranch says: "Come!"

And just outside in the bushes,
A shadowy pony waits,
A horse that the Big Boss sent him
To ride to the Golden Gates.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

So, we'll toll no dirge at his passing,
But we'll fling him a rousing cheer . . .
When he rides with the Phantom Rangers
Over the Last Frontier.

—LILITH LORRAINE

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SUNSET

Vivid autumn colors
Thrown across the sky,
Ocatillas swaying,
Winging birds coast by.

Penciled points of yucca
Stab the bleeding rose,
Vain attempt to utter
All the desert knows.

—CATHERINE STUART MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

YET AUTUMN MOURNFULLY

If flesh were only withered skin
Tented on my bones,
And hair a matted burlap-brown
Companion stones.

I would not hold with disregard
Fellowship and host
Who pattern chambers of the dead
More carelessly than most.

Cathedral dark, the desert caves
Moaning with the wind
Have seen what ages decompose
No silence will rescind.

Yet autumn mournfully will chant
Dirges that appeal
To hearts that may not cogitate
What senses may not feel.

·--NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CONIFEROUS

(Petriified Forest, Arizona)

Rusted with iron
And manganese,
They are no longer
Trees.

Carborundum
And diamond dust
Have illustrated
An agate crust.

From centuries
Of primitive,
Only inanimate
May live.

Alternately,
I have chosen:
Better decay
Than be frozen.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HAUNTED HOGAN

Where the dark ridges swirled
In a twist of smoke,
And arroyo curled like a whip
And broke.

But the torrent of sand,
The sweep of air,
Are the only vestiged
Currents there.

The leaves are withered . . .
The drouth is worse
Than a Navajo chieftain
Wearing a hearse.

None will ever come near
The arroyo's side,
For a moccasined man
In a hogan has died.

White men may flourish
And march in train,
But Navajos come to a dead man
Never again!

The wind will be chanting
Funeral song,
And the wind and the sun
And death are strong.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

He will be better the rouge
And the blue
Of the cliff and the sky
And dust and dew.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HOTEVILLA

The Indians dance for tourist trade
And speak an alien tongue
But dream of tattered years ago
When their tribe was young.

With stolid pride and bitter heart
They know the race is dying . . .
Religion, a commercial right
Gods are exercising.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SONG FOR AN ARCHAEOLOGIST: AZTEC

Oh, softer than silver
Less than dust
I have taken a mood
In trust.

But pieces of turquoise
Broken shards
Decomposing of Time
Retards.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SNOW ON THE PAINTED DESERT

Before this fragrant creamness
Retrogresses,
The desert knows what
Silver blesses.

Between carulean skies
And earth below
There is nothing but stark
Reflected snow.

The cocky crows pant by,
On heaving wings;
But it is the whiteness
Which sings.

And if it were not
A cold, colliding name,
I do not think the cactus could
Break to flame.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

IMPRESSION

they get pools
of sapphire with diamond dust in
eyes, where nevada runs like
asphalt . . . centipedelike
trains crawl on spatial
infinitude, they get that way
o when crank sky of lemon
sways dizzily
and dust clouds rise;
not even sahuara prays for man
where salt waves heap
horizon . . .
purity of bones,
you decorate the octoroon land.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CATTLE-TOWN

sprawling like a drunk sailor
in a maritime saloon; cattle town
gone wrong, weep sister
a cattle rutting hellshotted town
gone wrong, the santa fe reeking with
capitalism and smug cigars invades
after the drouth
they built hotels respectable,
eating houses representable
and telegraph wires buzzed where only
roundup bellowings challenged
the waste
before America came with money,
wild west stories.
when the cattle towns went wrong.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

QUATRAINS

CHIEF MOUNTAIN

A wedge of black in sunset red; . . .
Old Chief Mountain lifts its head.
Blood-stained in outlines colder,
The sun dies on its shoulder.

SKIRMISH

Inquisition of mountain peaks
Is nothing when the desert speaks
With winds of fury sweeping home
The points debated by the loam.

CACTUS BLOOM

Now that cedars, taper-wise,
Tincture delicately skies . . .
Smokes of fragrance darkly brood
Over cactus torpitude.

AT HOVENWEEP IN CAJON CANYON

The lightning is a silver in the sky,
The stars are shingle nails . . .
But when the wind and scarlet desert vie,
God's architecture quails.

---NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

CITY IN TAOS

There is a city in Taos
More than the buckling peaks,
More than clouds that pillar where
Black heaven speaks.

Dark as the chiseled crags
Splintered in shelving rock,
There is a graver medium,
More than stranger stock.

Out of the square-top pueblos
Past the Ranchos de Taos.
There is a pungent fragrance
Of heavy loss.

—NORMAN MACLEOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

YEAR OF VERBENA

The long hours slide into eternity,
The desert lies in somnolent unawareness
Wrapped in circumambient warmth.
It is the Year of Verbena
And the sands are defiant with beauty,
Delirious with insatiable laughter,
Magenta laughter of verbena,
Scarlet laughter of cactus.
A little whimpering breeze
Rips along the cactus spines
And stirs the verbena with indefinable warning.
The long hours slide into eternity,
The desert lies in seeming somnolence
But in her fecund womb she laughs
The laughter of coming springs.

—ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

TAOS

Dawn,—A turquoise steed, neighing,
Champing, striking fire with horny hoofs,
Flinging white scud from bitted teeth,—
Comes charging down an orange trail,
Charging down from No-Man's Land,
Charging down to Taos,—
To Taos, The City-with-an Ancient-Wall
Peacock-skied;
Black-basaltic-mountain, castellated Taos,
Towered and battlemented Taos;
Where centenarian mumblers eat up Time
And years slip by unnumbered;
Where Koshare, Makers of Delight,
Trick jocund Day, flamingo-tinted,
Into the arms of Night;
And white-robed, love-lorn boys
Nightly yearn in Song unsyllabized
To a persimmon-colored Moon
Swimming in chrysolite Sky-seas,—

Ah, where such another Dawn?
Another Moon?—Another Taos?

—ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

EUREKA

O hunters for gold,
Gone are your trails,
Lost and forgotten;
Deserted the hills;
But here and there
Now and then
One finds monuments
To your dead hopes,—
Holes, and caves, tunnels and shafts,—
Silent, sullen,
And if one's throat goes dry,
And his heart contracts,
In sympathy for men he never knew,
Then, the shades of the hunters for gold
Who slipped out unnoticed,
Will come to pluck his sleeve
And share with him their secret,—
That, at a certain magic instant,
When the day's work is done,
On every monument,
Limbed in the pure gold of the sun,
He who understands
May read: "Eureka!"

—ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

MIDNIGHT ON THE PRAIRIES

The timid herd lay bedded down for sleep;
Far away, the loafer wolf-pack on the trail
Howled dismally;
Nearby, a bunch of hungry coyotes
Yip-yapped their lonesome wail.
The dozing cattle stirred uneasily;
Mother cows moved closer to their young
Protectingly.

A scouting breeze rippled across the plains,
Paused by the wakeful herd and laughed at their unrest,
And as a willful sprite in sportive jest
Like fury, whirled a rolling weed
Into their midst

The cattle rose as one, trembling with fear,
And huddled for a moment before the maddened run.
Hoarse bull-bellows mingled with the moan
Of frenzied mothers, as their young
Fell trampled underfoot.
Amid the clash and clack of striking hoofs and horns,
Arose the thunder, as they plunged on and on
And fell with sickening thuds
Into the gaping canyon,
Staining the mauve to purple, the rose to crimson,
And tarnishing the gold.

—VAIDA STEWART MONTGOMERY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE COTTON PICKER'S SONG

A dreamy sky is overhead, a drowsy earth below,
And through the fields of ripened corn the lazy breezes blow;
The autumn fires begin to burn, the wooded hills along,
And from the cotton field I hear the cotton picker's song:

“Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
No money in my pus
No credit, which is wus,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down.”

Between the rows of snowy white I see him bending low,
As in and out among the stalks his nimble fingers go,
Roll after roll of snowy white into his sack he flings,
And times his every motion with the doleful song he sings:

“Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
Dey won my di’mun ring—
My watch an’ ev’ything,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down.”

What cares he for the dreamy sky that bends above his head?
What care he for the woodland where the leaves are turning red?
He cares not what the past has brought, nor what the future
brings,
He only cares about to-day, and so he works and sings:

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

“Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
Dey put me in de jail,
Dey wouldn’t ’low me bail,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down.”

Is this a song that rises from a bosom filled with woe,
Or does he sing to cheat the time? Not so, my friend, not so!
Upon the pinions of the wind those words are borne along
Until they reach a dusky fair who understands the song:

“Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down,
I’m sick an’ in de bed
Wid de mis’ry in my head,
Hunny, I’m all out an’ down.”

—WHITNEY MONTGOMERY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

HE-MAN

My pony's in the pasture an' my saddle's in the shed,
An' my chaps are where I hung 'em on a peg upon the wall,
An' I'm in a blamed hospital, with a nurse beside my bed,
An' the Doctor says it's likely that I won't get up at all.

But the Doc don't know a he-man when he sees one, you can bet,
An' the Doc don't know a cowboy that is made of grit and steel;
If I've got to kick the bucket—but I ain't surrendered yet—
I'll kick it with my boots on an' a spur upon each heel.

Pitch me my cordorroys an' my old blue flannel shirt;
It's me for windy prairies where the lean cow-mammas bawl—
Ain't my side a-hurtin'? Yes M'am, but it's hurt, dad blame
 you, hurt!
I'll die out in the open, if I've got to die at all!

—WHITNEY MONTGOMERY

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SEA-WIND ON THE PRAIRIE

When wild geese mutter from the smoky sky,
And tawny leaves drift slowly to the ground,
The sea-wind leaves the waves; its strident cry
Upon the prairie slopes begins to sound.
O how it mourns along the dim ravine,
Where gray wolf-shadows darken and are gone,
And how the tortured mesquites twist and lean,
While, like an angry tide, the wind beats on!
The wash of waves throbs in the prairie cane,
To die away along the upland heath,
And now a crash of doom sounds on the plain,
The snarl of breakers as they bare their teeth.

And lonely folk start from their inland sleep,
In terror for men drowning in the deep.

—BERTA HART NANCE

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PRAIRIE LOVE

There will be days when from the steel-blue north
Great winds will bellow in an endless file,
And freeze the shrinking earth as they rush forth,
And drive the water-birds for many a mile;
There will be April days, dim with mock rain,
And swept with songs of blue-birds, honey-sweet,
And fair with prairie clover, and with cane,
With gay blue-bonnets, and with sea-green wheat;
There will be days of searing August light,
To twist the grass, and amber skies, too clear;
And days when sharp frost paints the long slopes white,
While joyous field larks carol, far and near.

There will be sun, dear love, and bitter sky,
But we will be together, you and I.

—BERTA HART NANCE

THE GOLDEN STALLION

IN PRAISE OF THE GUADALUPE

If you have seen the Guadalupe,
The diamond-bright, the diamond-fair,
The cypresses, a feathered troop,
The banks of fern that nestle there,
The huiache groves that scent the air,
To meaner streams you may not stoop
If you have seen the Guadalupe.

If you have known the Guadalupe,
The diamond-bright, the diamond-clear,
The cedar hills, a goodly troop,
The birds that carol through the year,
The dappled groups of stealthy deer,
To far-famed streams you cannot stoop
If you have known the Guadalupe.

If you have loved the Guadalupe,
The diamond-bright, the diamond-rare,
With emerald pools, a wondrous troop,
And lacy falls that flutter there,
And ripple-songs that fill the air,
To other streams you will not stoop
If you have loved the Guadalupe.

—BERTA HART NANCE

THE GOLDEN STALLION

MARCH PLOWING

The sun had failed an hour ago.
Now, from a sky malign and sullen,
Ironic wind began to sow
A sudden and ambiguous pollen.

He watched the cloven acres flow
Dark from the share to drink it under,
And knew a blundering, boyish wonder
What one reaped who planted snow.

For was it foolish to surmise
That yeoman grain, robust and yellow,
Would find this pale wheat of the skies
A comfortless, cold bedfellow?

. . . That year he watched the upland frothing
To golden harvest, dimly grieved
That the wind's seed had come to nothing
More than other years had sheaved;

Yet with a somber prescience knowing
Man should be glad if any field
Brought to the scythe no alien yield,
Changeling, not of his sowing.

—TED OLSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PAYMENT IN FULL

So much he wrested from this miser land:
A meadow plot, a square of furrowed loam,
And the forlorn, weed-cancered waste where stand
The rotting timbers that were once his home;
These, and a decade's harvests—wheat and hay
To feed his meager stock—not over much.
One stack remains, so black now with decay,
Even the deer marauders will not touch.

Surely the drab years' dearth, the toil, the ache
Of sleepless war with hail and drouth and blight
One might have deemed were fee enough to make
This trivial ledger entry read aright.
Not so; the usurer land does not relent.
It has his bones at last. It is content.

—TED OLSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

FORFEIT

Now has another year of roses
Scattered its bright, sphemeral flame
Through river-bottom and arroyo
In the high country whence I came.

And I have never watched one petal
Blown like a frail and lyric word
Down the immutable emerald silence
Of forest aisles, unseen, unheard.

First the wild currant, then the rose,
Then aster, sunflower, golden-rod,
Moving in lovely, brief procession
To dark oblivion in the sod.

The fields are withered now to umber;
River and sky are ashen, chill;
Though still with reminiscent fires
The aspen kindles draw and hill.

There will be other years and roses;
Surely I shall return at last
And watch their dear, familiar magic
Moving in visible music past.

One twelve-month of my store—one summer—
Blown out like flame, beyond recall.
Why must I always think its blooming
Was somehow loveliest of all?

—TED OLSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE GENERAL OF CERRO GRANDE

How many tombstones in the graveyard mark
The names of those you have sent adventuring?
How many voices that one time could sing
Have been hushed by you to silence and the dark?

You come, a conqueror, into our town.
But I remember—you are not alone!
For other conquerors, other shouts were loud,—
And now—their names are graven on a stone!

—IDELLA PURNELL

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SQUAW BUTTE

Against the turquoise of the evening sky,
Oh, still and terrible she lies at rest;
The centuries are folded on her breast
With voiceless sorrow that will never die,
With wonder and amaze that question, Why?
A lone pale star upon the mountain's crest
Makes pause as if at her so sad behest,
Then all the host of heaven marches by.

We, who despoiled an Eden, drink and sleep,
And wake uncomforted to find her there,
The fingers of the dawn upon her hair.
Though earth be vapor, and though flesh be grass,
We yet shall pay—the Indian will keep
Her vigil of reproach, and will not pass!

—LUCY REYNOLDS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

BOOMTOWN DRAMA

The place was boomin' when the Smiths moved in,
Along with other drifters, to the fields,
And took a floored tent on the edge of town
Adjoining on that vacant lot o' Neald's.
Her name was Kate, and being blonde and pretty,
She soon got tired with nothing much to do
But sit and stare day-long at them raw derricks,
And wonder how her Ed's was coming through.
Though there was some that claimed they liked to see 'em
A-going up like towers, swift and high,
And said they thought the rhythm of the hammers
Beat like a pulse of music through the sky,
To Kate they wasn't nothing but pine lumber
That sweaty, dirty, mule-team-gangs had hauled;
And finally, plum wore out with all the clamor,
The time came when she set all day and bawled.

Ed couldn't stand fer that, and so he moved her
To the brick hotel built new up by the square,
And 'twasn't long till she's perked up and smilin'
And takin' interest in the doings there.
Ed didn't really mean to be neglectful,
But a feller had to keep right on the job
If he 'uz to hold his own in drillin' leases
With all that greedy, thievin', lying mob.
The crowd had milled in on us fore we knowed it,
And our lil' old sleepy backwoods town

THE GOLDEN STALLION

Was growing mighty city-like and prosperous
With buildings goin' up, and drillin' down!

Ed's rig was on a bit of slopin' hillside
Where brown loam stretched away to meet the sky,
Where farmers had already done their plowin'
Before the first prospectors came to buy,
He'd sit all day and watch the drilling
And never smell the rich warm scent of loam,
Er know ez how the rig looked from a distance
Like spires upon some rounded temple dome,
Nor sense that all God's lovely common beauty
In quiet sweep of field and sunwarmed plain,
Was bein' torn with raspin' drills and haulin',
To satisfy men's greedy love of gain.
To Ed his work meant home some day, and children,
Fer all his plans was meant fer pleasin' Kate,
And so he kept right on a-working steady,
A-comin' early and a-leavin' late.

But Kate was quite a hand fer havin' company,
And lots of loafers drift in with a boom,
So purty soon she's havin' dates and gaddin',
And riding round in cars straight to her doom.
Her main beau was a slick and handsome feller,
Who they said, run a private gambling den,
And 'twasn't long before Kate had him lassoed,
And quit her runnin' with the other men.
I don't know rightly where the blame lies,
And whether Kate was loose er easy led,
But all the town was talkin' somethin' awful,
And everybody knowed it . . . except Ed.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

At last Kate couldn't stand it any longer,
And she'n'er gambler left fer parts unknown,
With strangers left to break it to her husband
When he had come in, tired and sleepy, home.
They said at first he couldn't seem to sense it,
Fer in his heart he fairly worshipped Kate,
And even then his feeling was more pity
When folks said he was spineless not to hate.
They said at first he stood there like a statue,
And then he just broke down and shook and cried
And took on like he's at a funeral,
Er if his wife had just got sick and died.
He said to let 'em go, and not to harm 'em,
And he's drift on, a-tryin' not to care.

His lonesome rig still stands till this day idle,
Though folks say gusher oil is certain there.

—LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THREE PUEBLOS

ACOMA

What man shall frame the epopee
Of this red-ribbed, pagan height,
This ancient barbarity
Where brown men's might
Lifts a city to the sky!
Chromatic, carven cliff of Acoma—
Amid a wild of mesas, a peopled mesa—
In time's remantic mirror
Acoma is an exultant error.

LAGUNA

Warm earth rising
In terraces of buff and grey;
Sun-splashed soil springing,
A memory of soft array
And of the caress of continuous line.
Old sun-drenched village in mood of Spain—
Laguna is the meat of casaba melon,
Its heart is white, pink and citron.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

TAOS

Purple and pyramidic.
Lifting its drama to the evening sky;
Supple in line and rhythmic,
Vibrating a unity in the eye.
High-terraced Taos chants the ripe song
Of the fullness of living—
Ancient Taos is a bright-blanketed boy
Chanting, dancing, leaping in joy.

—W. W. ROBINSON

THE GOLDEN STALLION

MESA AND FOOTHILL

Wide pastures and far meadows,
And rolling fields of wheat,
And endless ranks of sword-leaved corn
Where furrows, like a village street,
Run always up and down;
Or shifting dunes, grey and forlorn,
Or little hills with sunlit crown
I have forgot;
And even the immensities
Of the seven seas—
And who has not
Who looks upon these Western hills
And mesas cut symmetrically
Or blocked like pyramids against the plain?
For washing evermore the ghostly shore
Where fathomless the age-old sea washed in
Against the granite and the sandstone floor
Now swings a ghostly sea
Majestically.
And plangent tides still bear tall mystic spars
Or storms toss helpless waters to the stars
And level them again.
For here on purple mesa and the rose-gold hills
Below the towering range
The far sea music not quite heard
Haunts man with recail dreams
Of cogent forces that primordial stirred

THE GOLDEN STALLION

His ancient quest,
And swings in far concentric circles
Yet unguessed
Creations endless change.

—EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

THE GOLDEN STALLION

PHANTOM OXCARTS

I shall go back to the broad plains again—
Prairies sweeping toward the setting sun,
The forelands of the nation, with the stain
Of blood, the bones of scouts, the fearless gun
Of stockade and of fort, the valiant ring
Of woodsman's ax; to hilltops where will burn
The signal fires: wherever yet will cling
Frontier tradition, there will I return.

The phantom oxcarts will forever go
On soundless wheels, across the sands, the snow,
The westward wagons on, in heat or gale—
Across far fields where ranged the buffalo
And dawn was wakened by the whistling quail—
The phantom oxcarts will forever go.

—EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE ARAPAHOES

I lift my eyes to the Arapahoes,
Where like some frozen wave on frozen shore,
The glacier lies forever wrapped in snows.

Ages ago there bulked huge grinding floes
Scooping the granite out in ancient score—
I lift my eyes to the Arapahoes

And for awhile forget my little woes;
Oh, why should I be fretted any more?
The glacier lies forever wrapped in snows.

Too swiftly fades the gleam and fades the rose,
Silent dies out life's flickering furors . . .
I lift my eyes to the Arapahoes

Long now are gone those tribal Indian foes
Who read these ancient peaks with pagan lore . . .
The glacier lies forever wrapped in snows.

It will outlive man's toil and busy shows;
It will be here with no man to explore . . .
I lift my eyes to the Arapahoes:
The glacier lies forever wrapped in snows.

—EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE DESERT

All noon
A devil danced
Upon the blistering sand,
Clothed in shimmering robes
Of blinding heat.

At his command
Gray phantoms of the past
Filed by on fleeting feet;
Their eyeballs sunken to deep wells
Of misery,
And blackened tongues
Went babbling endlessly
Of icy pools
In some green distant land.

But night
Decended softly
As a vesper hymn.
Crowned with immortal stars,
Serene and beautiful,
She bore the west-wind's healing
In her hand.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THE FLATS

(Prairie Land Near Sherman, Texas)

What scene engendered such a name?
From mountains, I confess
Prairies made no special claim
Upon my consciousness.

Then, unannounced, at evening tide
I saw this shining plain;
So still and marvelously wide,
Joy sharpened into pain.

It blended with the distant air
In tideless seas of light.
Enchanted vision! burning there
To minimize the night.

Tinged with his blood the dying sun
Drew halos in his wake,
Faint eerie sounds, the twilight won,
Made straining eardrums ache.

Long, beckoning trails of powdered gold
Flashed bright with virgin gleam,
O mystery, that Light could mould
Gross substance to a dream.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SUNRISE IN ARIZONA

I never knew such color could exist—
Outside some painter's bright fantastic dream—
As sunbreak pours in an ethereal stream
Upon bleak mountain crags. A gold-spun mist
Has shattered into bluish amethyst,
Rose, turquoise—indescribable! I seem
To watch creation struggling to redeem
The void with might no darkness could resist.

And thus the sun, responding to the call
When consciousness passed quivering into light,
Leaps into being from his death-like sleep
To spread a radiant splendor over all,
As on that morning of unbroken night
When God's command first thundered on the deep.

—VIRGINIA SPATES

THE GOLDEN STALLION

DESERT PHANTASY

*Across the haunted desert waste
The burning winds go to and fro,
Murmuring of Mexico.*

For here the padres came, and here
Along the trails of yester-year
The ruthless Spanish cavalier
In search of Eldorado.

Their dreams are in the drifting sands,
In Missions raised by pious hands,
At night there wander ghostly bands
In search of Eldorado.

And when I lie awake and see
The mystic stars blaze over me,
Oh, then I long to rise and be
In search of Eldorado!

For jingling spur and creaking leather
Echo on the trails forever,
And when the moon is shining down
A disk of gold on Tucson town
High Captains in their breastplates ride
With cassocked Jesuits beside
The cross and sword of Spain to bring
To fabled Eldorado.

*Across the haunted desert waste
The burning winds to to and fro,
Murmuring of Mexico.*

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

MOUNTAIN AND THE DESERT

"We have been," say the mountains,
Towering in their pride,
Looking down on the desert
Stretching far and wide.

"Aye," and answers the desert,
"High and mighty you be,
But the wind and the sand of the ages
Shall level you down with me."

"We have been," say the mountains,
"When the cities of stone and jade
Stood by the vanished rivers
Before their ruins were made."

"Aye," and answers the desert,
"My sands swept in apace,
And the wolf and the wild-cat wander
Where once they had their place."

"We have been," say the mountains,
"When the dwellers of caves were here,
When the people, time-forgotten,
Hunted the great brown bear."

THE GOLDEN STALLION

“Aye,” and answers the desert,
“Before the red-man came,
And danced the dance of the painted brave
By light of dancing flame.”

“Impregnable,” say the mountains,
“Forever and ever we stand,
Lording it over the desert,
Ruling the lonesome land.”

“Aye,” and answers the desert,
“High and mighty you be,
But the wind and the sand of the ages
Shall level you down with me.”

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS

THE GOLDEN STALLION

SUMMER

Sing a song of Summer—of leafy, sheafy Summer,
Coming from cool mountains to walk the dusty way;
Her petticoat upgathered, filled with woodland fragrance:
Tasseled pine, madronya, wild grape and bay.
She lifts brown arms to the piled, celestial masses,
Invoking their blessing: shadow and showers.
She wades waist-deep the wild-billowed meadows
Where grasshoppers fiddle the brittle hours.

Birds are sunk deep in the deep wood sanctuaries
But goldfinches glean the fencerow seed:
Thistle, dock and ripe blackberries
Which Summer offers to their vagrant need.

Sing a song of Summer—leafy, sheafy Summer,
Grass in her hair, her smock much torn
By sharp sweet briar as she rides the rustling harvest
Of well-bound sheaves to the wheat stack borne
On creaking wagons in high-piled loads.

Hot noon by the wayside among purple asters
And goldenrod shaking yellow plumes now,
Drooping-eyes, she dozes, nodding, nodding,
Stroking the ear of a cud-chewing cow,
While in the ditch with seven pink piglets,
Summer-drunk and snoring, sleeps a heavy-dugged sow.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

Sing a song of Summer. O I have often seen her
Where the hawk's shadow runs on the bouldered steep;
Under an oak, seeking sweet seclusion,
Around her couched the new-fleeced sheep
Softly bleating to the sun-burnt One;
Oxen far below in the broad yoke swaying,
Their dust a cloud of gold in the sun.

I have seen her naked with the colts beneath the willows,
A dark pool spread on the shining sand;
And a green heron posing on one leg, stately
Where the ripples cease and the rushes stand.
Sing a song of Summer—bumblebees' low thunder;
And wings of butterflies throughout the land.

—CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

EXCERPTS FROM "THE POET IN THE DESERT"

I.

Behold the signs of the Desert:
The stagnant water-hole, trampled with hoofs;
About it shine the white bones of those
Who came too late.
A whirling dust-pillar, waltz of Wind and Earth;
Glistening black walls of obsidian
Where the wild tribes fashioned their arrowheads.
The ground with fragments is strewn,
Just as they dropped them,
The strokes of the makers undimmed
Through the dumb and desperate years;
But the hunters have gone forever.
The Desert cares no more for the death of these
Than for the death of the armies of crawling crickets.
Dazzling in the sun, whiter than snow, I see the bones
Of those who have existed as I now exist.
The bones are here. Where are they who lived?
A thin veil of gnats buzz their hour.
I know they are my brothers, and I
Less than the dial-shadow of the rock,
For the shadow returns forever.

Silence invincible; impregnable;
Compelling the soul to stand forth
And be questioned.
Night overwhelms me.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

Coyotes bark to the stars.
Upon the midnight sand I lie,
Thoughtfully sifting the earth
Through my fingers
I am that dust.
I look up to the stars,
Knowing to them my life is not
More valuable than that of the flowers;
The little, delicate flowers of the Desert,
Which, like a breath, catch at the hem of Spring
And are gone.

II.

Never have I found place or season without beauty;
Neither the sea, where the white stallions
Champ their bits and rear against their bridles;
Where the floor of the world is laid in purple
And the Sun walks in gold and scarlet.
Nor the Desert, sitting scornful, apart,
An unwooded Princess, careless, indifferent;
Spreading her garments wonderful beyond estimation,
And embroidering continually her mantle.
She is a queen, seated on a throne of gold
In the Hall of Silence.
She insists upon humility.
She insists upon meditation.
She insists that the soul be free.
She requires an answer.
She demands the final reply to thoughts
Which cannot be answered.
She lights the Sun for a torch

THE GOLDEN STALLION

And sets up the great cliffs as sentinels.
The morning and the evening are curtains
Before her chamber.
She is cruel and invites victims,
Restlessly moving her wrists and ankles
Which are loaded with sapphires.
Her brown breasts flash with opals.
She slays those who fear her,
But runs her hand lovingly over the brow
Of those who dare,
Soothing with a voluptuous caress.
She is a courtesan, wearing jewels,
Enticing, smiling a bold smile;
Adjusting her brilliant raiment negligently,
Lying brooding upon her floor, richly carpeted;
Her brown thighs beautiful and naked.
She toys with the dazzlry of her diadems,
And displays the stars as her coronet,
Smiling inscrutably.
She is a nun, withdrawing behind her veil;
Grey, mysterious, meditative, unapproachable.
Her body is tawn with the eagerness of the Sun
And her eyes are pools which shine in deep canyons.
She is a beautiful swart woman,
With opals at her throat,
Rubies on her wrists
And topaz about her ankles.
Her breasts are like the evening and the day stars.
She sits upon her throne of light, proud and silent,
Indifferent to wooers.
The Sun is her servitor, the Stars her attendants;

THE GOLDEN STALLION

Running before her.
She sings a song unto her own ears,
Solitary, but sufficient;
The song of her being.
She is a naked dancer, dancing upon
A pavement of porphyry and pearl,
Dazzling, so that the eyes must be shaded.
She wears the stars upon her bosom
And braids her hair with the constellations.

III.

Behold the silver-kirtled Dawn,
Life-renewer; Harvester of gloom;
Bright Bringer of good hope.
The skies are listening to Earth's silence.
The Desert sleeps, but her wild children,
Like fretful babies, stir upon her bosom,
And the Comforter casts abroad her gossamer mantle.
The prowler of night,
The lean coyote,
Slips to his rocky fastnesses,
And noiselessly, through the gray sage,
Jack-rabbits shuttle.
Now, from the castle-ated cliffs
Rock-ravens launch their proud black sails.
Wild horses neigh and toss their manes,
Trooping back to pasture;
Orioles begin to twitter.
All shy things, breathless, watch
The thin, white skirts of Dawn,
The Dancer of the sky,

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

Tripping daintily down the roseate mountain,
Emptying a golden basin.
A red-bird, dipped in sunrise,
Cracks from a poplar top
His exultant whip above a silver world.

—CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

MIRED

Along the edge of the vast tule morass;
Stretching away toward the purple hills,
Continually, the restless cattle pass
And mutter the dumb grief that fills
Their breasts, because an old mired cow
Sends to her kind, beseeching calls.
Floundering in the black, relentless slough,
Deeper she falls.

Above, on careless, sky-free wing,
Waterfowl enjoy the watery wilderness.
Blackbirds on giant rushes lightly swing.
Around is a great loneliness.
A tongue-lolling coyote sneaking on his way
To safer plunder, eyes her feeble stir
And over his shoulder, desert-thief in grey,
Contemptuous, sniffs a wicked nose at her;
Then stealthily he prowls on through the herd.

Down from the sky, the wide-winged carrion bird.
Weak, from the winter and her sucking calf,
She cannot struggle any more.

The coyote yelps a shrill demoniac laugh.
The buzzard's shadow glides along the shore.
Close to the miry edge blubbers her baby bull.
She lifts, against the clammy clutch again;
One last, despairing, mighty mother-pull,
In vain . . . in vain.

T H E G O L D E N S T A L L I O N

Gnats at her eyes,
Buzzing, big blue-bottle flies.
On easy sail and slow,
Closer swings the obscene bird of death.
The horned head sinks low.
The ooze is bubbled by her breath.

—CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

THE GOLDEN STALLION

THREE POEMS OF THE SOUTHWEST

I.

Here the flat earth
Unknown to trees
Stands deep in the yellow sun
And the falling houses crumbling to dust:
Here now the yellow grass
Dead in the root last year
Nourishes a thinner newer sound of wind.
Here now the deserted land
Waterless and dried
Driven by a dull barrenness
And unknown to trees
Holds fast with the elements
Where the dry dark has disintegrated roots and bones.
Here now the thick hot sun
Wavering on the small grasses, dead at the root last year,
Will stir and move like a ghost without sound.
There are no shadows here:
The Spring brings no green,
Brown cattle stalk on the waterless land,
And birds at certain seasons
Scream and pass over.

THE GOLDEN STALLION

II.

This is the land; the long red earth
Peopled by some darker race
Who have sat in the sun too long:
Here is the land
Where roots have long decayed
From the mouths of bitter seeds:
Dust and the red earth
And the thick dead grass bending for miles:
Here no shadow has ever fallen,
And the birds go over all day
Screaming.

III.

Here on the dead land the dull grey houses
Where the roofs cave slowly in the sun:
On certain winter days
Thin figures trace out red paths, slowly:
The bleak houses continue to crumble
Standing in high sun,
And on the long land
Peopled by thinning figures,
By a dark woman and a light man,
The sun whirls slowly on forgotten roofs:
The figures have forgotten what they knew:
At evening scarlet fowls pierce silence, darkening blue,
And the smoke drifts into the pale sky:
They have forgotten the thunder of rain,
While the long strings of the thick wind
Make minor horrors of the night.

—KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY YOUNG

THE GOLDEN STALLION

LANDSCAPE IN SPRING

Through sunlight silver birds are sifted,
And broken rotted hands have lifted
Crimson flowers from the dust:
Now the piercing thrust
Of sound from a dove's mouth,
And winds from the mountains: and in the south
Waves pale upon an empty sea:
Wait: in this immensity
Such unfolding brilliancy will find
Clearer mirrors for the minds.

Through sunlight silver birds have lifted,
And crimson petals have been drifted
To the grass:
No more: we are the last who pass
Through all this splendor, having died
Before, and having known before the wide
And brilliant days to go
Breathlessly, row on row:
Weep not if our heads are bent
Unto this bitter sacrament:
Stilled now the landscape where
Everything is drenched in final silver air.

—KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY YOUNG

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